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THE BABY'S CAP.

BY N. HUDSON MOORE.

A VERY simple thing it seems, does it not? Just a little piece of soft, warm cloth, or some downy wool knitted into shape, or even some bits of fine lace or silk, or anything dainty, might go to make so small a thing as this.

But while we may pick and choose and do exactly as we please about our clothes, there have been, in times gone by, in many countries, and even in our own, what were known as "sumptuary laws." These laws regulated expenditure for dress, for ornament, for food, or for whatever refreshments you might give company when they came to take tea.

Among the first of these sumptuary laws was one made in Rome in 215 B.C., and called the "Oppian Law." It declared that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold, wear a dress of different colors, or ride in a vehicle in the city, or within a mile of it except on occasions of public religious ceremonies. This law lasted only twenty years.

Italy and France are the countries where most of these laws have been passed, and some of them read very strangely. In 1330, in Italy, no woman was allowed to wear a dress with figures painted on it; she could only have them embroidered. And in 1348, in the same country, neither dark green nor black dresses were allowed to be worn in the morning.

During the early portion of 1400 no woman

or girl could wear more than three rings, and even these could have only one stone or pearl in each. The next rule in this set of seven is so strange that I give it just as it reads:

Item. No person in the city, suburbs, or district of Florence shall permit himself or presume to give in any way to any woman any kind of collar, or buckle, or garland, or brooch of pearls, or of gold, or of silver, or of any other precious stone or similar thing, by whatever name it may be called."

Of all things, however, lace has had framed more rules and regulations regarding it than all other materials of dress or ornament; yet, somehow, it was generally managed that a piece of lace could be used at least for baby's cap, laws or no laws.

The first step toward making lace was the manufacture of what was known as "cut-work." This was embroidery with part of the stuff cut away so as to show open-work.

Then came "drawn-work," in which threads were pulled from some coarse material, and a design or pattern was worked among the remaining threads with a needle and silk or flax.

Next appeared what we call lace, either worked with a needle in shape of points, or made of gold or silver threads twisted together. Of course this latter lace was very costly, and it was on account of the many laws passed against gold

and silver lace that the attention of artisans was turned to making similar trimming, but with threads of flax.

As early as 1414 much gold lace was made in

called "Gothic point" because the patterns used were like those which prevailed in Gothic architecture,—were geometric in design.

The portrait of the baby with the parrot on



CHILD WITH PARROT. FROM A PORTRAIT BY MIEREVELT.

Photograph by Franz Hanfstängel.

many of the larger cities of Italy; among those leading in this work were Florence, Milan, Venice and Genoa.

The earliest laces, called "point" because shaped in points,—sometimes they were also

its hand was painted, over three hundred years ago, by a very famous Dutch artist named Mierevelt. Nobody knows now whose baby it was, but I am sure its mother loved it very dearly, and I think perhaps her fingers em-



PRINCE JAMES AND PRINCESS LOUISA MARY, CHILDREN OF JAMES II OF ENGLAND.

*(From a photograph, by Walker & Boutall, of the original painting by Largillière
in the National Portrait Gallery, London.)*

broidered the quaint floral designs which show so plainly on its little coat.

Besides the beautiful Gothic point on the cap, the ruff also is trimmed with it, and it often took

famous than Mierevelt! The name of this great artist was Franz Hals.

You see, fashions had not changed much when that portrait was painted, for the baby's



CHARLES AND MARIE-ADELAIDE OF FRANCE. FROM A PORTRAIT BY DROUAIS.

twenty-five yards of lace to edge some of these triple-plaited ruffs, as they were called.

The second baby, the one shown in the frontispiece, is a little Dutchman (I think the first one I have mentioned is an Italian), and this picture, too, was painted over three hundred years ago by another Dutch artist, even more

cap, like the one by Mierevelt first mentioned, is trimmed with Gothic point. Instead of wearing a thick, fluffy, all-around ruff, which was called a "gorget," this baby wears a half-ruff and stomacher of lace.

I feel sure this was his best dress, for I see his mother has put a tuck in it, so that it could

be let down. The nurse seems almost as pleased as the baby at having her picture painted.

In the picture on page 293 the "baby" is a little girl, and dressed in French style, but she wears a cap. Like the front of her gown, this cap was made of very precious lace, called Alençon.

Venetian lace had been brought to France, and so much admired that Colbert, a minister of the time of Louis XIV, had factories started to make lace in France, so that the immense sums of money people spent for this fabric should be kept at home. Then Louis decreed that Alençon was the only lace which should be worn by his courtiers, but they did not always obey him, and still wore lace brought from Italy and Flanders.

The cap little Princess Louisa Mary wears was called a "Fontange," and its origin was due to an accident. The "Sun King," as they called Louis XIV, was hunting one day, and a lady in the party, Mademoiselle Fontanges, had her hair much rumpled by the wind and the violent exercise. She tied her lace-bordered handkerchief over her head, and it was so becoming that the king desired her to arrange her hair in the same fashion and wear it at the court that evening. The cap was admired, everybody copied it, and it was called, in compliment to the lady, a "Fontange."

In this picture we have another parrot, sitting among the branches of an orange-tree.

How do you like the cap on page 294? The Fontange is quite "out," and this little flat one has taken its place. I think I like it best of all, but perhaps that is because such a dear, bright-

faced little girl is wearing it. Though she has not much lace on her cap, she has lace on her sleeves, in the front of her waist, and on her apron. Next to Alençon this is the most costly lace France ever produced, and was called Argentan. Like Alençon, it was first made in the time of Louis XIV (though this portrait was painted about 1767).

All the lace shown in these caps is what is known as needle-point lace—that is, lace not made with bobbins. Since about the time of the French Revolution (1790) none of this Argentan lace has been made. During the reign of Napoleon I, there was a determined effort made once more to manufacture Alençon lace, but it was not successful.

We generally think that we have a great many things in this century that people did not have a century or two ago. So we have; but, then, they had things we should not know how to use.

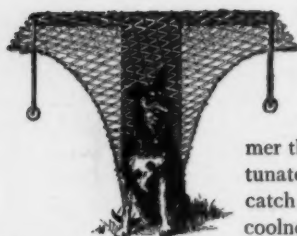
There was a play called "Rhoden and Iris," first acted in May, 1631. In it is given a list of a lady's "ornaments." I will not name them all, but only a selection. I wonder how many ST. NICHOLAS readers would know what to do with even the half of these!

Chains, coronets, pendans, bracelets and earrings;
Pins, girdles, spangles, embroyderies & rings.
Shadows, rebatoes, ribbands, ruffs, cuffs, falls,
Scarves, feathers, fans, masks, muffs, laces, cauls;
Thin tiffanies, cobweb lawn & fardingals;
Sweet fals, vayles, wimples, glasses, crisping-pins,
Pots of ointment, combes, with poking-sticks & bodkins,
Coyfes, gorgets, fringes, rowles, fillets & hair laces,
Silks, damasks, velvets, tinsels, cloth of gold,
Of tissues with colours of a hundred fold.



THE JUDGE AND THE CUR.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.



TONY'S stand was on the coldest corner of the wind-swept street. In summer this was very fortunate, for Tony could catch the occasional coolness of such breezes as straggled up from the river; but in winter Tony's fingers grew red and his nose blue in the chill, searching blasts.

There was consolation, however, in the peanut-roaster. By hugging very close to it, Tony could keep himself warm on one side at least.

In the bitterest weather Tony kept his fruit covered. The man who owned the stand did not wish to have the fruit freeze, but he was not so careful of Tony. He came every morning to see that all was in order, to scold Tony until the boy was stubbornly resentful, and then to leave him through all the tiresome hours until night came on, when he returned and sent Tony home to a poor little supper and a poor little bed.

Tony could not have stood it if it had not been for "Smuggler." Smuggler was a dog. Tony had named him Smuggler because he had to be smuggled into odd corners whenever the man who owned the stand came around; and Smuggler, like the wise, small tramp of the streets that he was, took refuge under his piece of carpet beneath the stand whenever the dog-catchers or a policeman of unfriendly aspect walked by or stopped at the peanut-roaster.

The big policeman on the corner, however, kept his eyes and ears closed to the fact that there was an unlicensed cur on his beat. Now and then the proprietor of a little restaurant across the street treated Tony to a bowl of soup — thick, hot soup, with two slices of bread.

So, with these occasional feasts, and with the nights of comfort when he and Smuggler lay

curled close together, Tony managed to live without running away, and even to be a little happy.

But the dog-catchers had their eyes on Smuggler. One very cold morning they swept up the street with nets ready, but Smuggler disappeared at the first sound of the yelping, barking wagon-load, and there was nothing to be seen under the stand but an innocent piece of old carpet. When, however, the dog-catchers had vanished around the corner, Tony gave a little whistle, the carpet became suddenly animated, a scrubby head emerged, and, with a glad bark of freedom, Smuggler charged down on the sparrows in the street.

And it was then that the Judge drove up.

"It's just such curs, Johnson," he said, looking at Smuggler with great disfavor, as the small vagabond darted under the horses' feet, "that make dogs a menace to the community. A good dog," he continued, with his hand on the head of "Emperor II," "is a precious possession, but I have n't any use for common canines."

"No, suh," grinned the darky coachman, as he climbed down. "Dem *is* fine o'anges, suh! A dozen, did you say, suh?"

"Yes," said the Judge.

Emperor II sat quietly in front of the Judge. Between the two there was the dignified understanding that exists when the dog is of noble breed and the master of noble instincts. They were both of them gentlemen of the old school, and if Emperor II rarely received a caress from the old man's hand, he knew every inflection of the testy, kind old voice, and his tail would wave slightly at the mere sound of his master's name.

Tony was putting up the fruit stolidly. He could not understand why people wanted fruit in such weather, nor could he understand why so fine a gentleman should be buying fruit at his stand instead of patronizing one of the fash-

ionable and high-priced fruit-stores up town. Why did n't he get one of the hot pies at the little restaurant across the way? If Tony had money, he would buy ten hot pies at one time, and then he and Smuggler would eat and eat—

Just then the dog-catchers executed a flank movement. They had spotted Smuggler, and they had moved away merely to allay suspicion.



"TONY DROPPED THE BAG OF ORANGES AND OPENED HIS ARMS TO HIS LITTLE DOG."

"Good!" said the Judge, as he saw the man with the net making for Smuggler.

Tony dropped the bag of oranges and opened his arms to his little dog; but the man with the net ran between them and reached for Smuggler, who was huddled up under the stand.

Then, suddenly, there was the rush of a big grayish body, and Emperor II, in spite of the Judge's efforts to hold him, leaped to the rescue of Smuggler—poor, frightened, cowering Smuggler. Emperor stood in front of him, his massive old head raised, his white teeth showing in menace, defying any one to touch him—him who wore on his massive silver-mounted collar the tag that made him a free dog within the limits of the city.

At this the dog-catcher stopped. "Call off your dog, sir," he said to the Judge, respectfully but firmly.

Tony stood with his two small red hands clasped closely together, his miserable, imploring face turned up to the Judge.

"Please, please!" he gasped, and the tears made dirty little rivers down his cheeks.

"Oh, by George!" said the Judge.

The big policeman had strolled up and a small crowd had gathered.

"Fine mastiff, sir," said the big policeman, as he looked at grand old Emperor II, who still held the catchers at bay, "but you will have to call him off."

"Emperor, boy, come here!" commanded the Judge, reluctantly.

Then Emperor's head drooped. He looked

from the shivering little cur in the corner to his master. Then, seeing no sign of relenting in the Judge's face, he went to the carriage and leaped in, with ears down—a disappointed knight-errant.

The dog-catchers then carried off the strug-

gling, yelping Smuggler, and Tony, seeing that remonstrance was useless, with dulled, unquestioning submission to more suffering, went on putting the fruit into bags.

The big policeman strolled over to the side of the carriage.

"Poor little chap!" he said. "The dog was all he had."

The Judge cleared his throat. "Such dogs are a nuisance," he began; but his voice wa-

and went over to the restaurant, and soon a waiter brought him a bowl of soup and a hot pie; but the boy was dumb with misery.

Whirling around in his brain was but one thought: Smuggler was gone, and he would never see his little dog again. After that nothing mattered. He did n't care whether he took care of the stand or not. He would go away somewhere and never come back. When the man who owned the stand came that night,



"AND WHEN THE OLD DOG HAD LAID HIS HEAD ON HIS MASTER'S KNEE AND LOOKED AT HIM WITH INQUIRING, LOVING EYES, THE JUDGE HAD MADE A DECISION."

vered a little, and Emperor, noting the kinder tone, turned on his master two beautiful, pleading eyes, and put a paw on the Judge's knee.

"There's nothing to be done, I suppose?" mused the Judge, with his eyes on the distant wagon of the dog-catchers.

"No; unless you could go to the pound and pay his tax."

"Humph!" said the Judge, testily. "My dinner is waiting"; and then Johnson climbed in with the fruit, and they drove away.

The big policeman tried to comfort Tony,

he scolded and fussed, and finally struck at the boy; but the big policeman interfered. "Stop that," he said, "or I'll run you in."

All night long, in his miserable bed, the boy sobbed and slept, and dreamed that Smuggler was back again, and woke to find his arms empty. He thought of Smuggler with the other yelping, downcast, condemned dogs at the pound. He hoped they would not hurt him. He wondered if he missed his little master, and then he sobbed again as he yearned for the small warm body that had lain for so many

nights at his side. Smuggler might not be beautiful, but he was loving, and "He was all I had," groaned Tony, with heavy weeping, as he sank into troubled slumber.

In the morning he had made up his mind that he would run away. There was country somewhere, and perhaps he could find it, and sleep in some barn on the hay. No one cared for him, no one but Smuggler, and perhaps even now Smuggler was about to die.

Then, in the gray dawn, he went back to the fruit-stand, to sit with his head in his hands. Toward noon, as he crouched shivering and unhappy in his cold corner, there came the sound of swift trotting horses, and Tony was conscious all at once of a picture in which the Judge, with his big fur overcoat, was the main feature. At his feet was the great mastiff, his head up, his eyes blazing with joyous excitement.

And what was that in the corner of the seat? Something small and yellow and scrubby! Tony gasped, but before he could cry out, the carriage stopped, and the small yellow scrubby object bolted out of it straight into Tony's arms!

It was Smuggler! Little Smuggler, with a collar studded with silver nails, in everything but size just like the one around Emperor's lordly neck, and hanging from the collar was the precious tag that made him a licensed dog!

The Judge's face was beaming as he explained, but he could scarcely make himself heard, for the little dog was barking, and Emperor bayed excitedly as he leaped back and forth from the Judge to Tony.

"We had a time, I tell you," laughed the Judge. "We went down to the pound this morning. I could n't tell which was your dog, but old Emperor knew him, and we paid the fine, and got the license, and bought a collar, and here we are!"

But the Judge did not tell of his troubled conscience of the night before, when, in his easy-chair before a glowing fire, with Emperor II stretched full length on the rug, the thought of the lonely little figure on the windy corner had come between him and his book. And when the old dog had laid his head on his master's knee and looked at him with inquiring, loving eyes, the Judge had made a decision. "We 'll do it the first thing in the morning, old fellow,"

he had said, and Emperor gave him his paw, and they shook hands on it.

At first Tony could not thank the Judge. He simply stood there with a glorified look on his swarthy face, the wriggling, happy dog in his arms, and said over and over again:

"Smuggler, Smuggler, Smuggler!"

The Judge's eyes were watery. He took a bill out of his pocket.

"Here, boy," he said; "spend this on yourself and the dog."

Tony went over to the carriage and put one arm around Emperor's great neck.

"Thank you both — thank you," he began.

But all at once the Judge was in a great hurry. "There, there," he said sharply; "I 'll



"HE SIMPLY STOOD THERE WITH A GLORIFIED
LOOK ON HIS SWARTHY FACE."

be late at my office." But he smiled as Johnson gathered up the reins.

Then, as he drove off, he gave a backward glance at the thin little figure and the yellow cur, and he laid his hand on Emperor's head with one of his rare caresses.

"By George!" he said huskily. "By George!"

A Pointed Valentine.

By

V. K. FRYE.

THIS is a story of a real old-fashioned "pointed" valentine. Not the sharp-pointed kind that I am sure you do *not* send — the mean, ugly ones that leave a smart behind!

No, indeed; this valentine, though sharp-pointed enough in truth, brought such joy and happiness to one little girl of long ago that it was kept as an heirloom in her family for more than a hundred years.

Mehitabel Merriwether was a bright, merry little maiden of twelve, who, in spite of her quaint Puritan garb and strict upbringing, was as full of life and spirits as the little lasses of to-day. With her parents she came over from England about the year 1710 and settled in the colonies, as our own dear United States were then called.

On their hard life of toil and privation we need not dwell, but you know of course that many things which you are used to having in plenty, those pioneer settlers had to do without.

Among some things which were very scarce with the colonists of those early days were pins and needles — two very necessary things in every household. There were no stores then, and ships bringing new supplies of real necessities were often many months apart.

Thus it happened that in the little settlement town where Mehitabel lived there were, at the time of my story, but two needles in the whole neighborhood. One of these belonged to good

Dame Merriwether, her mother, who was very kind about lending it to any and all of her neighbors.

You can imagine, knowing as you do how very necessary a needle is, how *very* precious that particular needle was; how it was valued as a loan; and how very particular every good dame was with it while she had it in her keeping.

Little girls, too, were brought up in those days to be very careful, obedient, and industrious. They were told that "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," and that they must not waste too much time in useless play. So one winter morning, when poor

Dame Hetherton was laid up with the rheumatism in her knee and sorely in need of a needle for a few days' mending during

her enforced idleness, Mehitabel's mother did not hesitate to intrust the precious needle to the little girl to deliver to her invalid friend.

Mehitabel started off demurely enough; but it was such a bright, sparkling, bracing morning, with the sun shining on the smooth, glistening snow, that she forgot to be sedate and seemly, as befitted her important trust, and began to skip and run and slide along just as little girls do nowadays.

But whom should she meet on the way but her dearest friend, Prudence Gillifether, bound also on an errand for *her* mother; and soon the two small maidens were having a merry romp and a sliding race along the hard-beaten path. A



long slide—a slip too far—and little Mehitabel landed unexpectedly in a snowdrift at the side of the path!

With a surprised “Oh!” and a gay laugh, she was up again in an instant, shaking her skirts vigorously and brushing off the clinging snow from her shoulders and arms.

the lining with little fine stitches so that it would have a firm hold.

“Do you remember to be very careful, child,” she had said. “Stop and look at it every few minutes so as to be sure that it does not work loose.”

And she had forgotten it entirely! *And now*



"FORGETTING EVERYTHING IN HER JOYFUL RELIEF, SHE JUMPED UP AND THREW HER ARMS AROUND THE OLD WOMAN'S NECK." (SEE PAGE 303.)

Suddenly she stopped short and turned back *it was gone*—the precious needle that meant the front hem of her long thick coat. *The* comfort and neatness to so many just then! *needle was gone!* Dame Merriwether had Oh, you can well believe how badly little placed it there so carefully, running it through Mehitabel felt; how she called hastily to

Prudence, and how the two searched and scraped, digging up the snow and sifting it through their cold little fingers in a vain attempt to find the needle on the unlucky spot where Mehitabel had fallen or in the path behind.

But it was gone. No sign or trace of it could they find anywhere.

"Oh, Prudence, what shall I do? It was all my fault!" sobbed the poor child, finally breaking down, when all hope was past. "What will mother and every one say of such a careless, heedless, disobedient child?"

"If only it was anything else but the needle—the *only* needle!" chimed in Prudence, dismally.

Mehitabel started and brushed off her tears. "Oh, Prudence, I have just thought!" she cried. "There *is* another needle, you know. Let us go quick and ask old Dame Calkins to lend us hers. If it breaks we can give her another when the ship comes in the spring."

"Dame Calkins!" gasped Prudence. "Oh, Mehitabel, you never would ask her? Why, you know they say she is a witch," she whispered, glancing around her fearfully.

"Nonsense! Father says there are no such things as witches any more. I'm not afraid—not *much* afraid, I mean!" she amended truthfully. "But, anyway, I am going. It was my fault and I must do something, you know."

"But," objected Prudence, "what is the use? She will not lend it, anyway. Nobody ever thinks of asking *her* for anything."

"Then how can they tell she will not lend?" insisted Mehitabel. "I am going to ask her, anyhow, and tell her how I lost mine, and how badly we all need it. Maybe she really wants to lend things if she had a chance. Oh, I must do *something*!" And resolute little Mehitabel turned around and started toward Dame Calkins's little hut at the far end of the settlement. "Won't you come with me, Prudence?" she called back appealingly over her shoulder.

"No, indeed! I would not go near old Dame Calkins for anything. Besides, I must hurry about mother's errand. Oh, Mehitabel, I would n't be you for anything!" was her parting comfort.

Brave little Mehitabel kept straight on her

way, though her heart grew heavier and heavier and thumped harder and harder the nearer she drew to the cottage.

When she reached the lonely little hut, she stood still a moment to gather courage, then knocked loudly on the door. Even then she was tempted to run away as fast as she could before it was too late; but she shut her lips and fists tight and stood her ground. Soon she heard hobbling steps and the tap, tap of a stick approaching. The door was flung open, and a little old woman, with a stern, frowning face, stood before her, leaning slightly on a rude cane.

"Well!" she snapped. "What do you want here?"

Mehitabel drew a deep breath, and started in bravely and right to the point.

"Oh, please, Dame Calkins, won't you lend me your needle just for a few days? I have lost mother's; and oh, I don't know what to do if I can't have yours awhile. It was all my own fault, too. I was a careless, heedless, disobedient child. But, indeed, I am very, very sorry, and if you will lend me yours I will be so very careful. You need not be a bit afraid of my losing *it* too."

Dame Calkins said nothing for what seemed a long time. She just stood with her face screwed up in a frown, looking hard at poor little Mehitabel. She saw the trembling lips and clenched hands, and she saw, too, the brave, eager light of determination shining in her blue eyes, in which the tears stood very near the surface.

Suddenly she put out her wrinkled hand and patted the little hooded head. "Come in, my dear!" she jerked out at last. "Come in and sit you down by the fire."

Mehitabel came in obediently, and sat down on the rude settle before the fire.

"So you want my needle?" went on the dame, hobbling jerkily over to the seat opposite her. "Do you know what day this is?"

"No, ma'am," answered Mehitabel, rather startled.

Dame Calkins jerked herself into an easy position before answering. She did everything by jerks—walked, talked, and moved.

"Well, it's the 14th of February—St. Val-

entine's day," she began in breathless little jerks,—“and back in old England,—Scalford way in Leicestershire,—the little maidens go to the different houses—on Valentine's day—and ask for pins and points.

‘Good-morrow, Valentine!
All the pins and points are mine,’

they say. And to the first one—that so seeks on Valentine morning—we must give what pins and points they want. So you see—mayhap I will have to lend you my needle—for you are the first to seek—for pins or points—to-day—or for many a day for that matter!” she added grimly.

“Oh, will you really let me have it, dear, kind dame? Oh, how good you are!” cried little Mehitabel; and forgetting everything in her joyful relief, she jumped up and threw her arms around the old woman's neck, kissing her withered cheek.

“Why, bless your heart!” exclaimed the startled dame. “You are a brave little girl—and I like courage. We need it in this new country. Ah, I had one like you once—a bonny lass—well-a-day! well-a-day!” And she drew a deep sobbing sigh that shook her thin frame.

Mehitabel patted her bent shoulder comfortingly.

“I will come over and see you often, if you would like to have me,” she said softly.

“Yes, child, come and see me.—I need you—as the wilted plant needs the moisture.—But I'm forgetting the needle.—Here it is, stuck in this piece of card.—Put it away carefully now—so.—I wish I had a plum bun to give you, child.—We always used to get a plum bun—with our pins and points—on Valentine day—down Scalford way. Good-by now—run home to mother.”

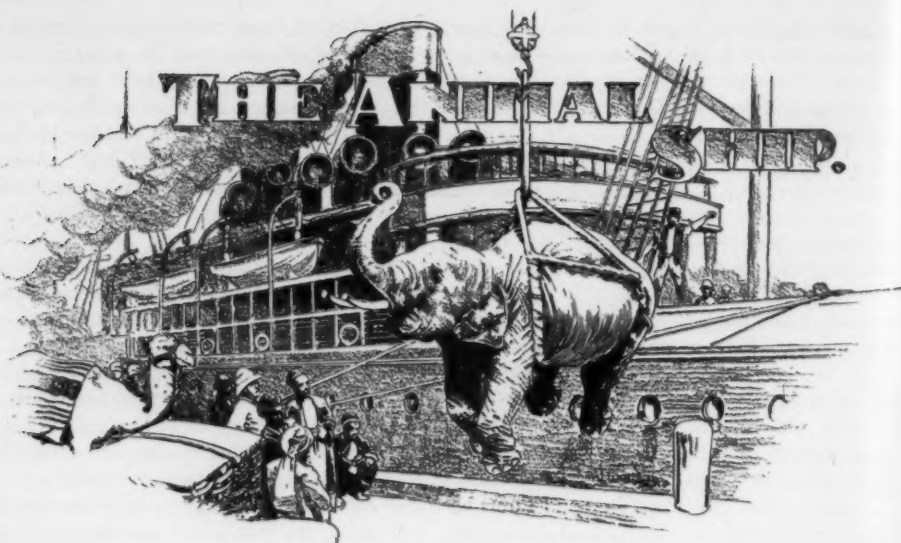
An hour later, little Mehitabel, having delivered the needle safely to Dame Hetherton, was telling her mother all about how she lost one needle and found another.

“Dear child,” said good Dame Merriwether, “Providence chooseth strange ways to work out its plans. Do you go often to see poor, lonely old Dame Calkins, and mayhap we will win her back to friendliness and cheer. Years ago, her only son and sole remaining child strayed into evil paths, and was never seen near his home again. Cold glances and evil tongues soured the old woman, and she came to the colonies to escape them. But her story followed her, the cruel tongues kept on, and she grew cold and defiant. She would notice none of us. But, please God, we'll win her back to neighborliness again.”

And they did.

This is how the descendants of Great-grandmother Mehitabel came so long to cherish a queer discolored card that bore the pointed valentine and looked very much like this:





By P. W. HUMPHREYS.

WHEN young Orang heard the steady tramp of feet about his forest home one morning, he little thought there was cause for alarm. His home was in one of the thick forests that cover the low, damp lands in the island of Borneo—forest depths human feet seldom tread. His father was an immense orang-utan known as "The Wild Man of the Woods" by the natives of Borneo. As he measured nearly seven feet in height, and was heavier than many human giants, he made so much noise, in walking about on the thick underbrush with Orang's mother, that there was nothing unusual in the ominous tramping on that fateful morning.

The steps came nearer, the underbrush crackling more noisily. Orang raised his strangely manlike yet baby face to greet his parents. But, instead of receiving his usual breakfast of forest fruits and nuts, he was nearly smothered under a heavy blanket which was thrown over his head and drawn securely about his throat. A few piteous cries for help,—quelled before they could reach even his mother's keen ears,—a whoop of delight from his captor, and poor little Orang was hurried away from his forest home. Then came a weary journey, which seemed interminable to the homesick, frightened

baby orang-utan, until at last he reached Germany and was placed in a great animal-house at Hamburg, to await the arrival of the ship which was to take him across the ocean to an American zoo.

Like other members of the intelligent family of apes, Orang soon became fond of his captors, and especially fond of the small black boy who claimed him as his own particular pet. The little negro boy who first discovered Orang and threw the blanket over his head, before yelling with joy to tell the other hunters of his capture, resembled very much the natives of the African jungles; but any one who talked with Jeff soon discovered that he was not born in Africa. He had had many adventures in his short life, and was a remarkably intelligent black boy. He was born in Chicago, in the year that Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States. He was left an orphan when only five years old, and was given a home by an Irishman in the employ of a Chicago animal-trainer. His full name was Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O'Toole. For many years it was a trial to Jeff to have this glorious procession abbreviated. Although his mother named him, modestly, Jefferson Davis Cleveland, O'Toole

was the name of the Chicagoan of whose family he became a member on the death of his parents. No one was ever able to determine how he came by the name of McKinley; but for years Jefferson Davis Cleveland McKinley O'Toole insisted upon the use of his "whole name."

When Carl Hagenbeck, the proprietor of the zoölogical exhibition at the World's Fair, sent buyers to London and to Hamburg for his specimens, Mr. O'Toole and his little helper, "Black Jeff," went to Hamburg with them, and they were sent on an expedition to Africa for wild animals.

After the first trip, Jeff became an expert in animal-hunting; and although he still looks like a comical overgrown child, being small for his age,—almost a dwarf, in fact,—he has had many strange adventures. He proudly claims the distinction of having accompanied expeditions sent out by Van Ambrugh, Carl Hagenbeck, Frank Buckland, Mr. Bartlett, and other zoölogical collectors and great circus and menagerie proprietors.

Jeff and Orang became great friends during

violin, sometimes with an occasional parrot or two or a friendly little monkey as audience, but always with the faithful Orang at his side.

After their arrival at Hamburg, Jeff taught Orang so many tricks and exercised such an influence in the care of the vicious chimpanzees and baboons, as well as of the more docile apes and South American monkeys, that he was given certain duties in the monkey-house instead of being sent on another expedition. It was finally decided that he should accompany the monkeys on the animal-ship during their trip to the United States. Jeff named his pet "Orang," and, jokingly, always insisted that the captive was a real boy, and he spelled his pet's name with the apostrophe, thus: O'Rang.

The majority of the freight-ships that come to ports of the United States from South America, Africa, Asia, or Europe bring a few wild beasts that have been secured in the interior and brought to the ports at which the vessels touched. But it is mainly at Hamburg, in Germany, that attempts have been made, during recent years, to secure regular shipments. One



BELOW DECKS ON AN ANIMAL-SHIP BOUND HOME FROM THE TROPICS.

the trip from the island of Borneo to Hamburg. The ape soon learned to consider the black boy his companion instead of his captor, and often Jeff would be found sitting on a box on the upper deck, scraping away at his beloved

reason is that, when consignments are desired for American zoos, the animals can be collected at Hamburg and shipped free of duty. At the time of the World's Fair in Chicago, Carl Hagenbeck made some of the largest purchases of

wild animals ever recorded for this country. London as well as Hamburg helped to supply the great stock of animals necessary for his Chicago exhibits at the Fair grounds and in New York. At that time there was a great revival in the ancient industry known as the "animal trade," but during the past eight or ten years the business has somewhat decreased. Hamburg is still the chief shipping center, but the animal-ships are seldom so well loaded with interesting wild beasts as they were during 1893.

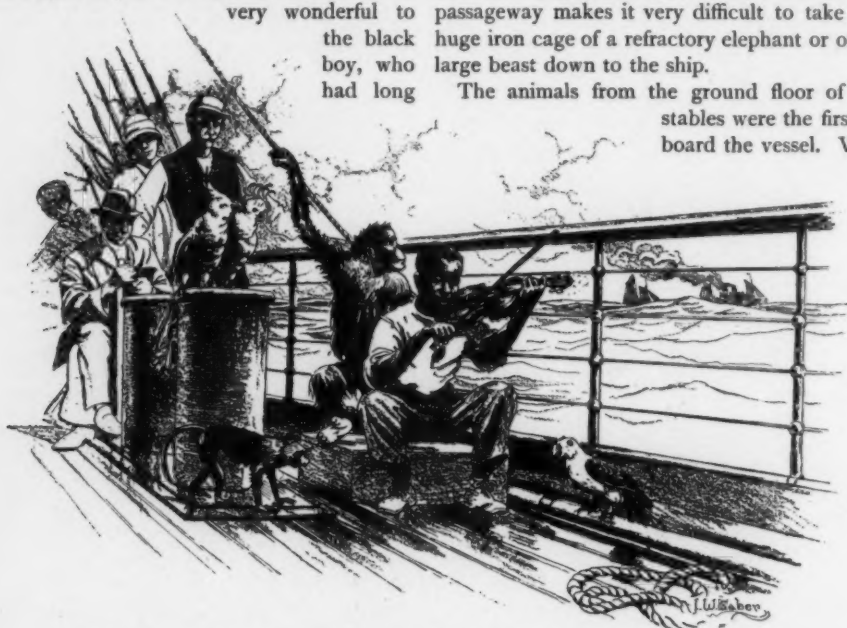
Everything connected with the ship that left Hamburg with Jeff and his pet, Orang, seemed

very wonderful to the black boy, who had long

Jeff and Orang became quite familiar with the animals in the wonderful stables at Hamburg. Jeff's knowledge of the wild beasts, and of the best methods of keeping them quiet and good-natured, made him invaluable to the dealers, and, wherever he was found, his orang-utan was near by.

When the ship arrived at the Hamburg wharf there were anxious moments at the stables. The passage leading from the stables is narrow, for convenience in blocking the escape of any captive that succeeds in breaking away from the dealers. But, frequently, the straitness of the passageway makes it very difficult to take the huge iron cage of a refractory elephant or other large beast down to the ship.

The animals from the ground floor of the stables were the first to board the vessel. Very



"AND OFTEN JEFF WOULD BE FOUND ON THE UPPER DECK SCRAPING AWAY AT HIS VIOLIN, BUT ALWAYS WITH THE FAITHFUL ORANG AT HIS SIDE."

hunted animals in the wilds, but had never crossed the ocean with a ship-load. The immense animal-house at the Hamburg wharf has two departments, known as the "store" and the "stables." The stables, where the wild beasts are confined while awaiting the arrival of the ship, are situated at some distance from the store, and the two are connected by a street or court. Down this passage every animal must be driven, or carried in its cage, before it can be deposited in safe quarters in the store or on the ship.

few of them were in cages; they were simply tied to the walls and mangers, or they were stalled in loose-boxes. Among them were antelopes, deer, kangaroos, and a few curious mountain-sheep. All these animals were loaded upon the ship without difficulty. The majority of them had quarters on shipboard similar to those in the stables—simply stalls instead of cages.

There was often great difficulty in the transit of the large iron cages. The hold of the ship, where these wild animals are stored, is kept warm

and dark — conditions which prevailed in the warm upper story of the stables, and constituted important elements in the comfort of nervous animals, the night-feeders, and the savage *Felidae*, or cat-tribe. The civet-cats, the pumas, and the panthers are especially fierce when taken from the stables to the ship. Their cages are kept boarded over at the sides and back. At the first movement of the cage, or at the approach of a dealer to examine the front of the cage, the animal inside becomes furious. There are claws crashing upon the bars, sharp, wrathful growls, and glimpses of white teeth and yellow-green eyes. This proved very interesting to Jeff, who had studied the prisoners when they were free in their jungle homes.

It is seldom that serious accidents occur in loading the animal-ship. There were two mishaps, however, that might have been serious but for the prompt action of the little Chicago colored boy. A tiger from India was being trundled through the narrow passage leading from the stables. The huge cage was difficult to handle. The bumping of the structure against the sides of the passage not only weakened it, but enraged the tiger. Using his back in a powerful arch, he burst the cage, and ran growling down the passage. The tiger — one of the fiercest ever captured — had been caged only a short time. He was now as strong as ever, and twice as ferocious. The crew of the animal-ship, as well as the dealers, were so paralyzed with terror that, for a moment, no effort was made to stop his flight.

But Jeff remembered the prompt action of a hunter while capturing a tiger that had escaped from a cage in India. He grasped a crowbar and started for the animal. At first sight of the determined black boy with his crowbar, the tiger seemed inclined to attack him. It was a terrible moment, and death was very near to the daring boy. But he advanced unflinchingly, until at last the tiger, with a snarl of rage, turned, ran back up the passage, and again entered his cage, curling down in its darkened corner, but continuing to snarl, while he was speedily secured by the dealers.

For three days and four nights the ship that was to sail for America remained at Hamburg, taking on board the animals and their neces-

sary food. During nearly the whole time, a savage baboon was at large.

He escaped from his cage on the night of the ship's arrival. The

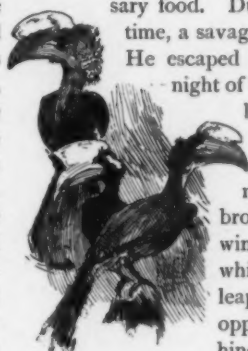
baboons were among the first to be taken on board. One of the most hideous of them broke loose, opened the window of the room in which it was confined, and leaped to the roof of an opposite house. It hid behind the chimneys, enjoy-

ing their warmth and chattered defiance at its pursuers. A row of dwelling-houses stood directly back of the stables, and the entire street was soon in commotion. The children of Hamburg were afraid to go to bed. The crafty fellow escaped capture during the entire three days. It was thought the ship would have to sail without him, for while he found it easy to walk on the narrow ledges and steep inclines of the roofs, the men could not follow him, and it was always easy to hide among the chimneys from his pursuers.

It was Jeff who captured him, at last, by climbing along the roofs barefoot, with a rope secured from waist to chimney for safety. Even then there would have been difficulty in attracting the attention of the baboon until the lasso could be used, had it not been for the presence of Orang, who was also secured to his waist by a rope, and was sent along the edge of the roof after the fugitive.

The animals soon quieted after the ship had left the Hamburg wharves and departed on its journey across the ocean.

It was marvelous to Jeff, learned as he was in the lore of the cages, to observe how the dealers who had invested their money in so many beasts that were liable to quick disease and almost sudden death could rest content to see their charges so closely confined. There appeared to be scarcely room for any animal to turn. But he came to understand that close packing of the cages, on a voyage such as that, was imperative. The immense quantities of food that were needed to last throughout the voyage took up much space. One class of cap-





"HE GRASPED A CROWBAR AND STARTED FOR THE ANIMAL."

tives could not survive unless there was plenty of hay and grain; another must have fruits and vegetables; and as for the carnivorous beasts, not only did they require refrigerators filled with meat, but the very deck was alive with calves, sheep, and poultry.

There were noisy passengers on board the animal-ship, and the noisiest of all were not the tigers, with their terrifying roars, or the monkeys, with their incessant chattering. The disturbers of the peace were the birds—thousands of them that seemingly could never keep quiet. Canaries from the Hartz Mountains, magpies and parrots, birds from the tropics, with rich plumage and strident voices, screamed, talked, and sang until the very elephants—who were the wisest of the whole ship's company—could scarcely sleep.

One bird, that was only half a bird at best, almost caused a stampede. There was a startled cry, one morning, from a member of the crew.

"Man overboard!" he shouted, as a resounding splash echoed through the ship from the water at her port side.

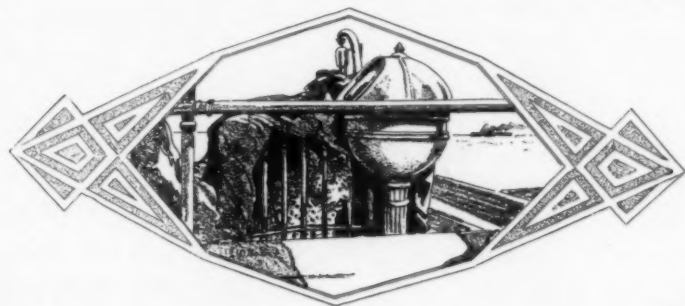
The keepers forgot their charges for a time. They rushed to the side of the boat to rescue the drowning sailor. They discovered only a penguin, diving and swimming about in the water with the greatest delight. The bird had escaped from its cage, waddled to the side of the ship, and, with the sound of a falling man, had plunged overboard in search of fish, his natural prey. The bird-fisherman was captured and returned to his cage before he had secured his breakfast from the sea. Some days later, a seal escaped and dived into the ocean. It would

probably have been lost had not one of the animal-dealers recalled the experience of the famous Dr. Rae, who spent the days of his boyhood in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Dr. Rae says that, both there and in the regions around the frozen rim of the northern ocean, it is a matter of common experience that seals will follow a boat in which music is played. One of the musical sailors made the test, and the seal was easily captured.

Various musical instruments are found on an animal-ship, for nearly all beasts are strongly influenced by melody.

On the arrival of the ship at Philadelphia, the two strangely assorted friends parted. Orang, his apostrophe no longer retained by the admiring Jeff, became the inmate of a zoo, where they cherished all the rest of him because, as an orang-utan with a label on his cage, he was prized as a wonderfully rare "specimen" all the way from Borneo. O'Toole, even his sharp wits unequal to the task of compelling the rest of the world to give him the complete assortment of names he claimed for his own, continued to be plain "Jeff." But the world of animal-tamers knew little black Jeff for a born keeper of the untamed beasts; and so, in various parts of the earth, he earned, at his chosen calling, a good living and much respect.

Every year there come some ships from Hamburg, bringing captives, few or many. But, among all the voyages, the most curious and exciting adventures that ever befell man or beast were those which happened when Jeff and Orang, devoted comrades, sailed for Hamburg on their way from distant Borneo.



Captain Johnny's Voyage.

BY

John Ernest McCann.



A great big ship and a great big crew
Were provisioned and commanded by
Captain Johnny Q—
And far away they sailed, by icebergs
and through snow,
Till they came to an isle where
the Mingo monkeys grow.
And Johnny filled his ship
With the monkeys on that trip.
Then he sailed away for home
And he nevermore did roam:
For each Mingo monkey sold
For much money in good gold.





A SURPRISE.

BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

WHEN the donkey saw the zebra
 He began to switch his tail.
 "Well, I never!" was his comment;
 "Here 's a mule that 's been to jail!"

STRIKES.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN.

MR. JONES struck oil,
 And his men, so they say,
 Struck for eight hours' work
 And for nine hours' pay.

Jones struck his horse,
 And struck for the spot;
 The horse, struck with fear,
 At once struck a trot.

The clock had struck five;
 He was wet to the skin;
 From his blue flannel shirt
 The color struck in.

Some baseball players
 Struck up a shout;
 The batter struck a pose,
 And then he struck out.

Jones struck a bargain,
 But soon struck a snag —
 For it struck off his profits,
 And *he* struck his flag.

And now you have struck
 On this history true,
 How, striking a balance,
 Does it all strike *you*?



BY MARY DAWSON.



NOWADAYS we use gloves only to complete our formal dress, or to protect our hands from cold, and, possibly, from the cuts, bruises, or scratches of certain kinds of rough labor. But in the olden days the glove, although it served these purposes too, played a very superior part. It might almost have been called an important "personage" in those times, for on many occasions it acted instead of a person. Sometimes it played the part of a king or earl; sometimes it did the work of a policeman; now and then it gave away large properties, even whole towns and rich tracts of land. It sounds like a fairy-tale, does it not? But it is every word true.

This is the way it came about.

When gloves were first invented, they were used exactly as we use them now — to keep the hands warm, and to keep them from all sorts of disagreeable blisters, burns, and chapping. The ancient Persians wore them at a very early period, and boys and girls who have read Virgil's "Æneid" will remember that the Ro-

man pugilists wore them in their pommeling contests.

Gloves as first invented should rightly be called mittens, for they had no fingers. Fingers were a novelty introduced by the Romans of later days, when Rome became luxurious and foppish.

As soon as the finger gloves (they called them *digitalia*, from *digitus*, a finger) were introduced, the Romans used them for state occasions, wearing the mitten for every day. Poor people had only mittens, when, indeed, they had any hand-coverings at all.

From the older countries, such as Italy and Greece, the fashion of wearing gloves spread to newer lands, reaching England about the time of the Saxon kings. The word *glof* (a queer way the Saxons had of spelling glove) means a hand-covering, and occurs very often in the writings of those times. The beautiful old illuminated books which have luckily been preserved for us show the hands of bishops and other churchmen incased in gloves which are often ornamented with dazzling rings.

Kings and queens of that day all wore gloves. At least, we find their marble effigies, on the tombs in Westminster Abbey, with gloved hands.

The gloves of the middle ages were very different from those we have now. You could not then go into a shop and order a dozen pairs, at a certain price, to fit you perfectly. But then, you might have them exquisitely embroidered in silk of many colors and bordered with a deep fringe. Perhaps, too, the design of the embroidery of those you bought would be entirely original, intended for you and shared by no one else.

Naturally, the gloves of the kings were very fine and costly covering, with embroidery of gold and silver and circlets of precious stones. Bishops and the clergy wore white linen gloves, symbolic of innocence, or red silk hand-gear with symbols worked in gold thread. The popes sometimes wore them of white silk decorated with pearls. Grave people wore dignified patterns without any gorgeousness, and those who liked to make a brave show chose very elaborate or gaudy affairs.

In the early days everything was not regulated for the people, as it is now, by the government and the law-courts. Europe was still young then, and people had rough-and-ready means of dealing with one another, of buying and selling or giving goods and property, and settling disputes. A glove, as it was very close indeed to a man's hand, came in course of time to be looked upon as taking the place of the hand itself, and, as I have said, it sometimes took the man's place and was made to represent him.



AN EARL'S GLOVE OPENING A COUNTY FAIR.

For example: To open a fair it was necessary then to have the consent and protection of the great lord in whose country it was going to be held. Those who wished to open the fair would come to the nobleman and petition him to be present. He might be very busy, or bored at the idea of having to go, yet he would know that it must be opened or his people would be discontented. So he would say to the leaders of the people: "No, my trusty fellows; I can't open the fair in person, but I will send my glove to do it. You all know my glove. Nobody has one like it in the country. It is the one my lady mother embroidered for me in colored silks and silver wire, and it has a deep violet fringe. You can hang it above the entrance of your fair grounds as a sign that you are acting with my permission. If any one disputes your right or touches his master's glove, I will attend to him, that 's all." So the glove would travel in state to open the fair.

In the thirteenth century a powerful earl is said to have delivered up a great tract of land to the King of France by promising him the land and sending or giving his glove as pledge of good faith.

In fact, now and then some stag-hunting

ing papers and giving his signature. The glove would be duly locked away with the papers, to show that the lord of the land had agreed to the transaction.

We still say "throwing the gauntlet," meaning a challenge, even though we are only defying a schoolmate to "spell us down" in a spelling-bee. Of course, the gauntlet is a big glove. The expression is now all that is left of a very important custom of the rough-and-ready age of which we have been speaking—the trial by combat.

For when a man of the medieval times considered himself wronged in any way by a neighbor, he very often decided to attend to punishing his enemy himself. He began matters by throwing down his glove before his enemy. The enemy, if he had any spirit, never allowed it to lie there, of course, for to do that was supposed to prove that the challenger was in the right and that the other feared to put his fate to the touch. If a lady was in distress, she asked some man friend to fight for her, which he was usually glad to do. As soon as the glove was picked up, the two men arranged a battle, which was regulated by fixed rules. This fight was recognized as a legal trial. It had to be settled pretty promptly one way or the other, as they never stopped fighting until one of the champions was killed or badly hurt, or admitted that he was in the wrong. The champion who came off victorious was said to be the innocent person, for the true knight went to battle with the firm belief that God would strengthen his arm and direct his spear or sword.

A knight in the days of chivalry, if he disgraced himself and his knighthood, had his gloves taken away from him, just as he had the spurs knocked from his heels, as a punishment.

So many gloves were made in England, and so many people were employed in making them, that in the fourteenth century the glove-makers formed one of the city companies, or guilds, and drew up a set of rules for govern-



"DULY SIGNED AND SEALED"—BY A GLOVE.

lord who, when a boy, had been fonder of war and the chase than of writing and reading, would fling down his glove among the legal papers drawn up for arranging some business matter, and say that that was his way of sign-

ing their men, which were thought important enough to be laid before the king and approved by him.

One of the rules was that if any glove-maker was found doing bad work, that is, cutting or

of a family, if his wife and daughters followed the fashions at all, allowed them a certain sum of money to buy gloves. This was called "glove-money," just as we still say "pin-money" (and, by the way, the allowance made to ladies to



THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET.

sewing badly or using bad material, he should be brought before the mayor and aldermen. If, when this happened, he was sorry and promised to do better in the future, he might be let off with a reprimand. But if unrepentant, he would be banished from the city and was not allowed to return.

Queen Elizabeth was very vain of her pretty hands, and so was extremely fastidious in the choice of her gloves. She must have had as many pairs of them, in that wonderful wardrobe of hers, as she had blond wigs. The reason she had so many gloves was that, everywhere she went, people, knowing that she liked beautiful hand-wear, gave it to her. She received gloves of silk or leather, embroidered or jewel-studded, trimmed with a multitude of little gold buttons, and deliciously perfumed.

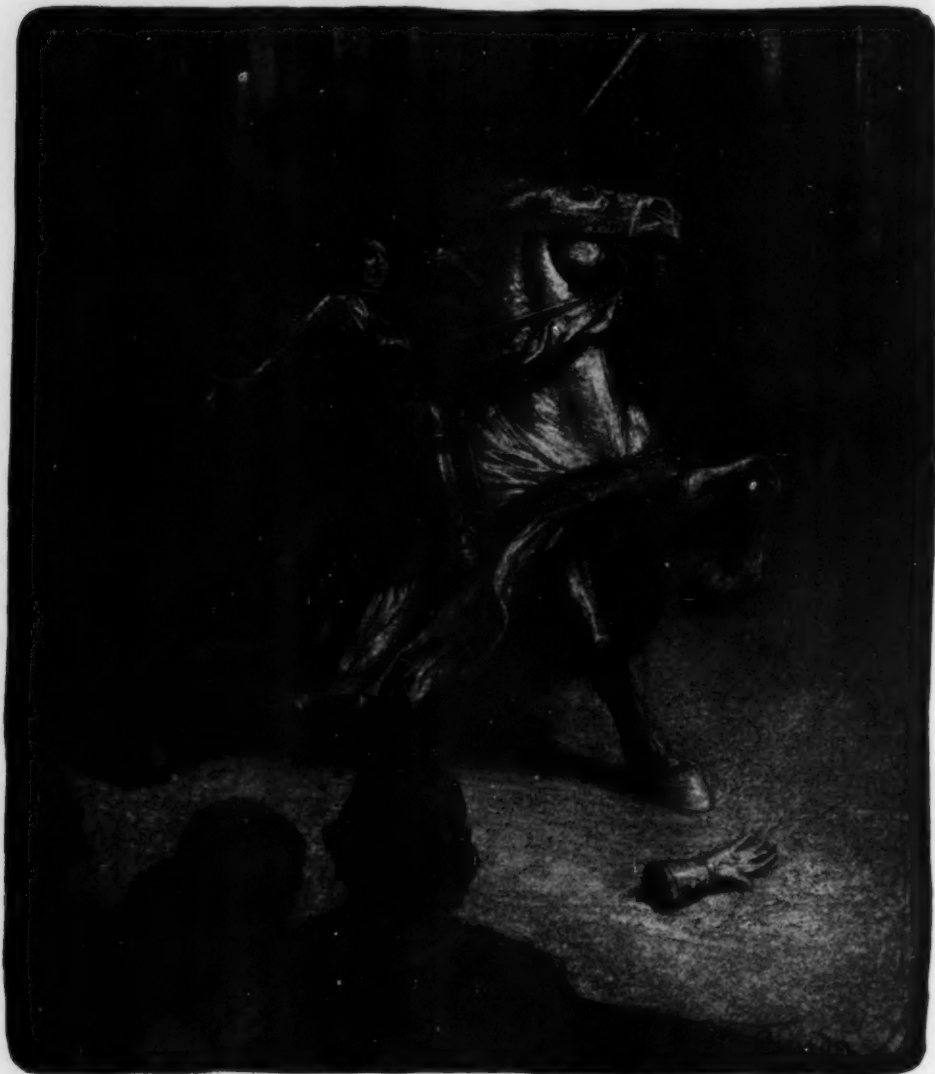
These sweet or perfumed gloves were much liked by ladies of Elizabeth's reign. The father

buy pins in former times must have been larger than it is nowadays, for pins were then quite expensive).

A gentleman who was in the habit of going to Elizabeth's court told his friends that in one of her Majesty's audiences the Maiden Queen pulled her gloves off and on more than a hundred times. This was to let those present see and admire her hands. Think of the little vanities of so great a woman!

For many hundred years gloves have played a part in the court life of various countries, and many are the interesting glove-relics that have come down to this day, and that are now carefully preserved in museums. Among these there is a plain buff-colored pair of gloves which belonged to the martyr king, Charles I. These he presented to the great-great-grandfather of the present owner. This gentleman had got together a troop of horse to help his sovereign, who was

then in dire distress, and the king, meeting him at the head of his men, drew the gloves from his hands and gave them to his faithful follower. belonged to the same monarch, and these are beautifully wrought. He wore a very rich and kingly pair upon the



THE KING'S CHAMPION AND HIS CHALLENGE. (SEE PAGE 317.)

When these gloves were given, the times were troublous. Poor King Charles had other matters, more important than clothes, to think about, and therefore his gauntlets show no sign of trimming. But we have other pairs which once day of his execution. For, instead of making a careless or slovenly appearance on the scaffold, as some less noble person might have done, this king went to it dressed in all his state. He told his attendants to dress him "as trimly as might

be," and gave particular directions about each article of clothing.

Several pairs of gloves once the property of Charles II can also be seen in the museums and collections.

As for the pretty legends and historic stories which cluster about gloves, a big book would be needed to give them all. Richard Cœur de Lion, returning from Palestine, was recognized by a glove hanging at the girdle of his squire, and was taken prisoner.

There were many delightful courtesies in former times connected with gloves. Lovers exchanged them, and the knight who rode forth to war had one fluttering from his helmet. When a maiden died, a pair of white gloves, the white being emblematic of innocence, was laid upon her bier. Or, if a judge summoned his court, and there were no criminals to be tried or cases to be settled, the judge was given a snow-white pair of gloves.

The etiquette of crowning a king once required that the new sovereign should have his knight to champion his cause. Imagine to yourself the ending of a coronation banquet in Westminster Hall. The king is there, and his family and his court. Suddenly a trumpet blares out through the Hall, and into the place dashes a knight on a fine horse and gallantly armed, spear in rest. This is the king's champion. He proceeds to pull off his long glove, and casts it down upon the floor, and, in a loud voice, calls upon

any subject who does not think the new king is the true king to stand forward and pick up his glove, and fight him to the death. I have never heard that anybody accepted the challenge.

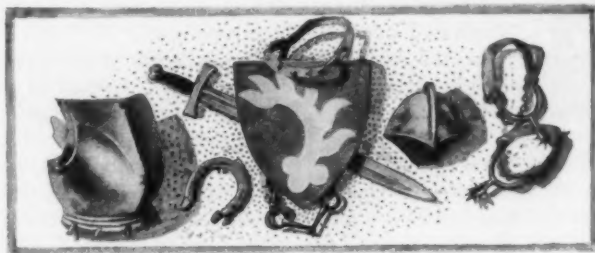
Gloves at one time were very popular as New Year's gifts. One lady brought a gift of this kind to the great Sir Thomas More. Unfortunately, she filled it with gold coins. Sir Thomas had decided a law case in her favor, and she wished to show her gratitude in this way. But Sir Thomas was too high-minded and honorable a man to take money in the administration of justice. "It would be against courtesy," he said, "to refuse the lady's gift. I will therefore keep the *gloves*, but the *lining* she must give to some one else." By the lining Sir Thomas meant, of course, the gold with which she had filled them.

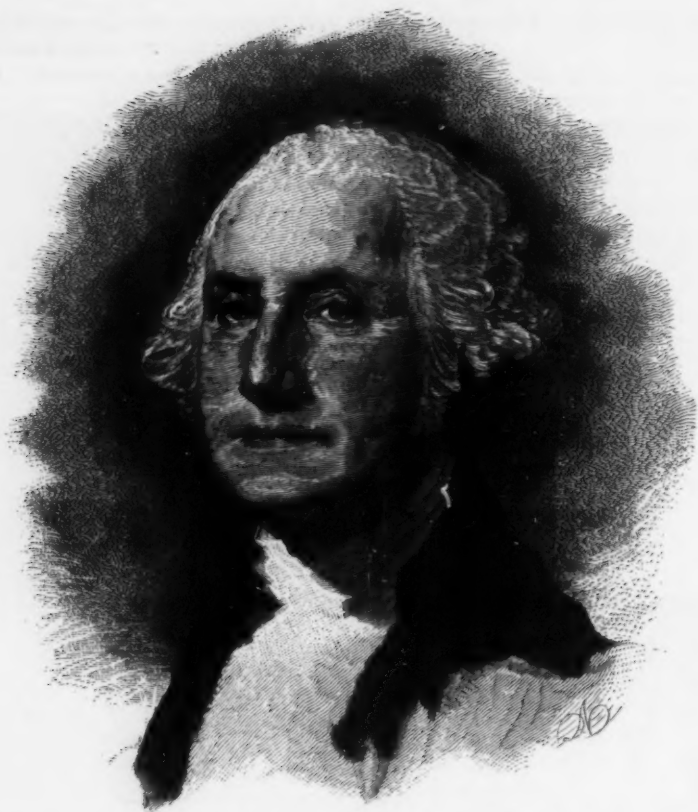
The Portuguese say of a man, "He wears no gloves," when they mean that he is honest and honorable and above suspicion.

There is still another phrase which comes down to us from the days when gloves were used in more ways than they now are. Have n't you sometimes heard it said, when a young lady has discarded her lover, that she "gave him the mitten"? This was first said in the early times when lovers exchanged gloves as a sign that they intended to marry each other. When a girl broke her engagement she gave back the glove or mitten. We still use the phrase, although gloves are no longer exchanged.



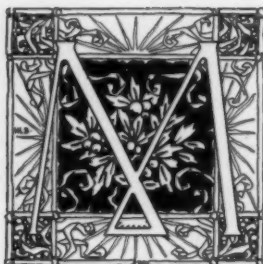
"HIS FIRST GLOVES."





WASHINGTON'S REVERENCE.

BY L. R. McCABE.



UCH of George Washington's firm strength of character was due to his splendid ancestry, as the following little anecdote will testify:

While reconnoitering in Westmoreland County, Virginia, one of General Washington's officers chanced upon a fine team of horses driven before a plow by a burly slave. Finer animals he had never seen. When his

eyes had feasted on their beauty, he cried to the driver:

"Hello, good fellow! I must have those horses. They are just such animals as I have been looking for."

The black man grinned, rolled up the whites of his eyes, put the lash to the horses' flanks, and turned up another furrow in the rich soil. The officer waited until he had finished the row; then, throwing back his cavalier cloak, the ensign of rank dazzled the slave's eyes.

"Better see missis! Better see missis!" he cried, waving his hand to the south, where above the cedar growth rose the towers of a fine

old Virginia mansion. The officer turned up the carriage road and soon was rapping the great brass knocker of the front door. Quickly the door swung on its ponderous hinges, and a grave, majestic-looking woman confronted the visitor with an air of inquiry.

"Madam," said the officer, doffing his cap, and overcome by her dignity, "I have come to claim your horses in the name of the government."

"My horses?" said she, bending upon him a pair of eyes born to command. "Sir, you *cannot* have them. My crops are out and I need my horses in the field."

"I am sorry," said the officer, "but I *must* have them, madam. Such are the orders of my chief."

"Your chief? Who is your chief, pray?" she demanded with restrained warmth.

"The commander of the American army—General George Washington," replied the other, squaring his shoulders and swelling with pride. A smile of triumph softened the sternness of the woman's handsome features. "Tell George Washington," said she, "that his mother says he *cannot* have her horses."

With a humble apology, the officer turned away, convinced that he had found the source of his chief's decision and self-command.

And did Washington order his officer to return and make his mother give up her horses? No; he listened to the report in silence, then, with one of his rare smiles, he bowed his head.

ANOTHER ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.



AN interesting contribution to the "Century Magazine" for January, 1898, Martha Littlefield Phillips relates the following anecdote of her grandmother, who was the

daughter of the famous Revolutionary general, Nathanael Greene:

"One of the great events of my early life," said my grandmother, "was my first interview with General Washington. But a faint suggestion now survives of the love and reverence for Washington which inspired the children of the Revolution. These sentiments were exceptionally strong in my brothers and sisters and myself, because in addition to the sentiment of patriotism, there was the personal regard we held for Washington as our father's intimate friend and immediate commander."

"My mother had deeply imbedded me with the honor in store when we were to visit Mount Vernon, and had drilled my behavior to meet

all the probable requirements of the occasion. I was, for example, to rise from my seat for presentation to General Washington, and after tendering him my profoundest courtesy, stand at ease, and modestly answer all his possible questions, but at the same time keep religiously in the background, where all the good little girls of that day were socially referred.

"The eventful day came, and I was taken by my mother to Mount Vernon to make the longed-for visit. We were graciously welcomed by Mrs. Washington; but my heart was so thick with fluttering, and my tongue so tied, that I made but a stuttering semblance of response to her kindly questions. At length the door opened, and General Washington entered the room. I felt my mother's critical eyes, and advanced with the intention of making a courtesy and declaiming the little address previously taught me; instead of which, I dropped on my knees at Washington's feet, and burst into tears. Washington stooped and tenderly raised me, saying with a smile, 'Why, what is the matter with this foolish child?' The words do not have a tender sound, but language may not convey the gentleness of his manner and the winning softness of his voice, as he wiped away my tears with his own handker-

chief, kissed my forehead, and led me to a seat as he might a young princess. He sat beside me, and with laughing jests, brought down to the plane of my appreciation, banished my sins from my eyes, rescued me from humiliation,

on the themes of my daily life, and won me into revelations of my hopes and fears. It has always impressed me as a quaint and pretty picture — that of the famous warrior, statesman, and patriot turning from great affairs, and lend-



"AFTER DINNER HE TOOK ME TO WALK IN THE GARDEN."

and brought me back to composure. He kept me with him while in the drawing-room, had me placed beside him at the dinner-table, and with his own hands heaped good things on my plate. After dinner he took me to walk in the garden, and drew me into talks

ing himself to the task of making the happiness and charming the confidence of a shy and frightened child. And so proud and happy was the little girl thus made that, seventy-five years afterward, she lives, with tears of joy in her eyes, to tell the story to her granddaughter."

THE KING'S DIAMOND CROSS.

(An Old-time Puzzle-fable put into Verse.)

BY MRS. FRANK LEE.

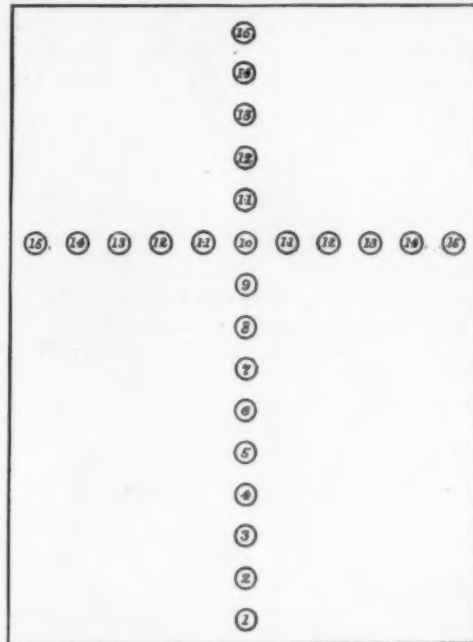
THERE once was a king in the Land o' Dreams—
A queer old fellow, to me it seems—
Who had a cloak of velvet and silk,
Which was trimmed with ermine white as
milk,
With golden lace and many a gem,
From the collar's edge to the mantle's
hem.
Of diamonds, too, there was ne'er a lack—
They formed a cross on the mantle's back;
And the king himself, when each day was
done,
Did count these carefully one by one.
One by one, in the queerest way,
He counted those diamonds every day.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece
bright
From the lowest one of the upright bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Always he counted this way. "'T is clear
Not a single one 's lost," said this king so
queer.

Now the cloak had a rip, and 't was sent
away
To the smart court tailor to mend, one
day.
The man was not honest, and in his mind
To steal some diamonds he felt inclined.
How to do it he racked his brain
Over and over and over again.
Then two he stole, and he did it well.
How he did it, who reads may tell.
The rip he mended, and quick did bring
The mantle back to the waiting king,

Who counted his diamonds o'er and o'er,
And found them just as they were before.

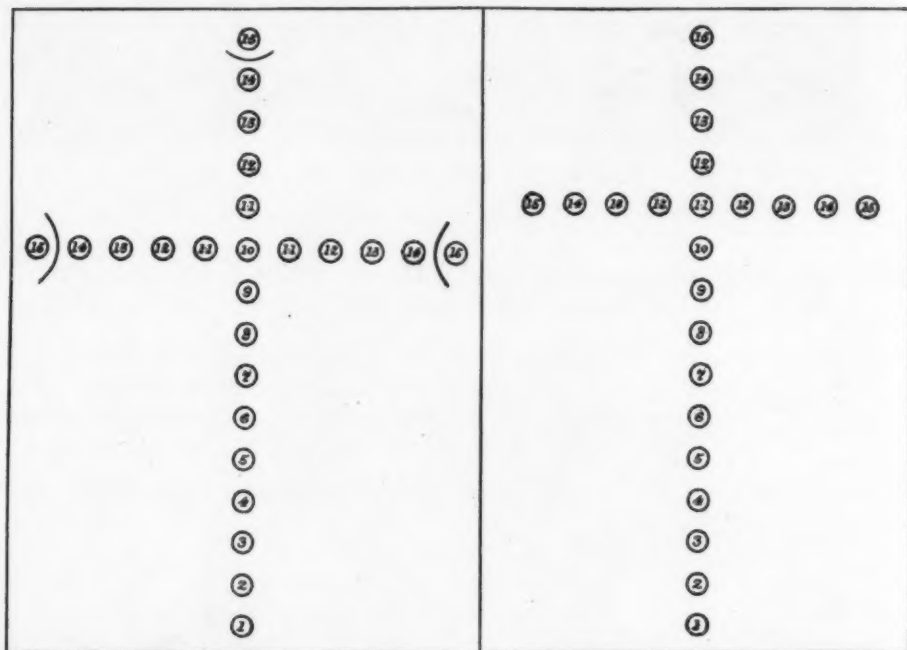
Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright



From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
Yet two were gone from the diamond cross,
But the king never knew of his mantle's loss;
He counted only one way, you see;
"My way is the best," the king, said he.

(NOTE.—For the answer to this puzzle see next page.)

ANSWER TO THE DIAMOND CROSS PUZZLE.



THIS is the plan that the tailor made,
The thieving tradesman who knew his trade.
He cut from each arm of the cross a star,
And one from the top of the vertical bar;
One he sewed to the bar beneath,
Two he hid in a leathern sheath.

Count, and you 'll see that the numbers ring
Just as they did to the waiting king,

And why, when he counted his usual way,
He thought no diamond had gone astray.

Fifteen from the lowest to top upright;
Fifteen to each end of the cross-piece bright
From the lowest one of the vertical bar,
Each shining fair as the evening star.
So he never knew of his mantle's loss,
Nor found a lack in the diamond cross.

MORAL.



I think we learn from this queer old king
There 's more than one way to do a thing;
And it sometimes proves, when put to test,
That one 's own way may not be the best.





Jack Longshort

BY GEORGE HUNTINGTON.



STRANGE as it may seem, it all came from the children's wishing. Kate wished that she was pale and thin like Aunt Elsie, with black eyes and auburn hair, and fine sets of jewelry; and Bob wished that he was six feet and an inch high, with a big mustache turned up at the ends; and little Sue, peeping shyly at Uncle Simon, wished that he would tell them a story. And so he did; and waiting until they had seated themselves, he began:

"Once on a time — oh, let me see, have n't I ever told you the story about Jack Longshort, the boy that almost ruined himself by wishing?"

Of course he had n't, for he was making it up at that very minute. But all the children cried as with one voice, "Oh, no, no, you have n't, Uncle Simon, indeed you have n't! What was it?"

So Uncle Simon began again, and this is the story that he told them:

Once upon a time there was a little baby boy whose name was Jack Longshort — not such a *little* baby, either. In fact, so large a baby that when the nurse put on Jack's very longest baby dress, Jack's toes stuck out beneath it, and the older he grew the taller he grew. At ten he was six feet high; at twelve he was seven feet and an inch. The boys at school called him "sky-scraper," and would ask him how the weather was up there. Every day he would measure himself by the end of the long pump-handle to see how much he had grown, and every day, when he found himself taller than he had been the day before, he would wish and

wish and wish: "Dear, dear, if I could only stop growing! Oh, if I could only be shorter — I don't care how little."

"Don't you?" answered the old pump, one day. Jack was very glad to find some one to whom he could confide his troubles, even if it was the pump, for Jack was an orphan, and although he had not given up his nurse, he felt it beneath his dignity to be running to her with his troubles.



"THE BOYS AT SCHOOL CALLED HIM 'SKY-SCRAPER.'"

He was too glad to feel any surprise at the pump's speaking, and he said hotly, "No, I don't. I would rather be knee-high to a grasshopper than as tall as the obelisk. I hate being tall!"

"Well, well," screamed out the pump, "you keep on wishing and maybe you'll get your wish some day."

And — would you believe it? — at last he did. He actually began *ungrowing*, as he delightedly called it — very slowly at first, so that nobody noticed it, then so very perceptibly that no one could help noticing it, and everybody predicted that he would surely pine away and die. But he did n't pine away. His health was all right, and he grew fatter as he grew shorter. At sixteen he was about as tall as other boys of his age, and felt very happy, for it was exactly what he had been wishing for. But, alas! it did n't stop there. That is the worst of ungrowing, you know: it is so apt to be carried too far. He kept getting shorter and shorter — four feet high, three feet, two, one — until he was no taller than the cat. And now, I can tell you, he changed his tune and began to wish he was tall again. Alack! wishing seemed to be of no avail. He might as well have wished for the moon.

But at last he came to take a more cheerful



"I WOULD RATHER BE KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER THAN AS TALL AS THE OBELISK."



"JACK WAS VERY GLAD TO FIND SOME ONE TO WHOM HE COULD CONFIDE HIS TROUBLES."

view of things, and as his parents had left him a small fortune, he engaged his old nurse as his housekeeper, hired her husband, Ben, as his body-servant, dressed in the height of fashion, bought a trained rabbit for a saddle-horse, and really began to enjoy himself again.

But still he kept on ungrowing. Soon he was only four inches high and had to exchange his rabbit for a squirrel. In a little while the squirrel was too large and he tried a white mouse. But when the white mouse proved too big he was in despair. "What *shall* I try now, Ben?" he asked.

Ben suggested a caterpillar, but Jack said there was no speed in that.

"A tree-toad?"

"Don't like his gait."

"Humming-bird?"

"Well — not so bad; rather too big and hard to break. But let's try one. A small one, mind, Ben, and one with a good disposition."

So Ben caught and tamed a humming-bird,

and for several weeks Jack used it as a steed until the cold weather came and it had to go South. Then Jack tried a cricket, but he "bucked," as Ben said, "worse than a mule," and after one or two pretty hard falls Jack gave up riding altogether and let Ben carry him around in a silver card-receiver.

During all this time, you will remember, Jack



"JACK HAD MORE MONEY THAN HE COULD SPEND."

had little trouble about getting along, for he had more money than he could spend, although he had to have it changed to old-fashioned little thin gold twenty-five-cent pieces and gold dollars. But one day Ben, who had charge of his business affairs, made some unfortunate investments with all Jack's money, and the poor little fellow, now only an inch and a sixteenth high, was thrown on the cold world without a penny. What *could* he do?

Well, he just became a tramp — a tiny tramp, living from hand to mouth like a vagabond pigmy in a world of giants. He was rather lonely, but he was a light-hearted little fellow, and as three crumbs a day were a sufficiency, he would not have complained if only he had not kept on ungrowing. He gradually decreased to half an inch in height, and though he was as lively as a cricket, he was as small as a fly, and dared not go upon the streets in the daytime for fear of being stepped on; so he wandered about on moonlight nights, keeping a sharp lookout for cracks and holes in the sidewalk and creeping under a door-step when he heard any one coming.

On one of these moonlight nights he came to a steamship dock, and immediately he caught the tourist fever and said, "I 'll go abroad."

No sooner said than done. It was dusk, and none of the watchers or officers could discern the midget moving in the dim light. He climbed up the long gang-plank, hopped to the deck, up the cabin stairs, found on a bread-plate on one of the dining-tables some nice crumbs for his supper, and, stretching himself in the folds of a curtain, went sound asleep, like the happy-go-lucky little stowaway that he was.

Well, this was the beginning of his travels. I could n't begin to tell you all his adventures: how he was a dreadfully seasick, poor little half-inch of humanity; how he grew better and had ever so much fun on the ship; how he reached England, and visited all the museums and libraries and cathedrals and palaces, both there and on the Continent, without the bother of fees or tickets; for where was the need of those things to a manikin who could squeeze through a keyhole or crawl through the crack under a door.

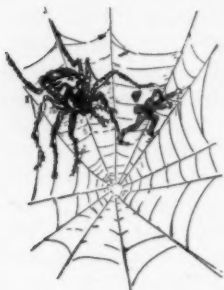
And still, in all his journeyings over Europe, Asia, and Africa, in regions which no civilized man had ever reached, and on islands not down on any map or chart, on ships, on railroads, in



"THEN JACK TRIED A CRICKET."

carriages and on donkeys, on sea-gulls and on chips — still he kept on ungrowing. At last he was no bigger than a mosquito. Now he could creep into ant-holes and walk along the causeways made by the seams in the rocks; he could

climb among exquisite crystals and tiny grains of sand that seemed to him as big as boulders, and sit by the side of beautiful rivers and cascades made by trickling water-drops. And then such wonderful things he saw—things not to be seen by the great coarse human eye. Oh, nobody knows what marvels may be seen by a little fellow scarcely bigger than the head of a pin.



At last, one winter, while seeking for a good, warm, comfortable place in which to spend the cold months, and when he was merely a tiny brown speck which only a pair of sharp eyes could see at all, he found a delightful berth in the house of

Professor von Opticon, the great naturalist. The professor had a fine microscope and made a special study of curious objects, with all of which Jack, of course, was familiar, as he had traveled among them and could see perfectly well with his little eyes.

"To think," sighed Jack, "that I know almost as much as he does, and yet the more I know the worse off I am. Oh, if I was only bigger!"

Now Professor von Opticon had a pretty daughter named Stella, who took care of his laboratory and cabinets, and assisted him in his studies.

One day, as Jack was lazily lounging on the blank slide under the microscope, Stella came in to put things in order for a meeting of the Coleoptological Society, which was to meet with her father that afternoon. As she was dusting the table, she casually stooped down and looked through the tube. Jack was exactly in focus.

"Mercy on us!" she cried. "What's that? Oh, father, father, here's a microscopic *man*!"

The professor was wonderfully excited. "What a—what a thing to show the society!" he exclaimed. "It will make me famous."

Jack enjoyed the fun immensely. He was too spy for them to catch him, and as they

could n't risk killing him or losing him, they gave up trying to catch him and took turns watching at the microscope until the Coleoptological Society assembled.

And how surprised the society was when the professor and his daughter exhibited their prize! They congratulated themselves also on their good fortune, and voted to change the name of the society to the anthropocoleoptological or man-beetle society, and to make Jack an honorary member.

And you may be sure Jack did his best to make the subject interesting. He lay down; he stood on his head; he walked; he danced; he turned somersaults; he gave three cheers; and at last, hopping to the inkstand and dipping his forefinger in the ink, he came back and wrote on the slide, in a good round hand and in letters the ten-thousandth of an inch high, his own name: JACK LONGSHORT.

The society was charmed. They studied and discussed poor Jack at meeting after meeting; wrote essays and learned books about him; and from that time he never lacked friends. But Stella was his best friend. The very first thing she asked him after the anthropocoleoptologists had gone was what she could do for him.

Jack only wrote upon the glass the words, "Make me grow."

He could not have asked anything much harder. But Stella thought and thought. Suddenly an idea struck her. "I'll try father's X-ray apparatus," said she.

It was just the thing. The moment the X-rays struck him, Jack felt in his bones it was going to do him good. And it did. In a week he could be seen with the naked eye. In six he was as big as a yellow wasp. In three months he was the size of a canary-bird. And, not to make a too "long short" story, in two years from the time Stella found him under the microscope he was half a head taller than



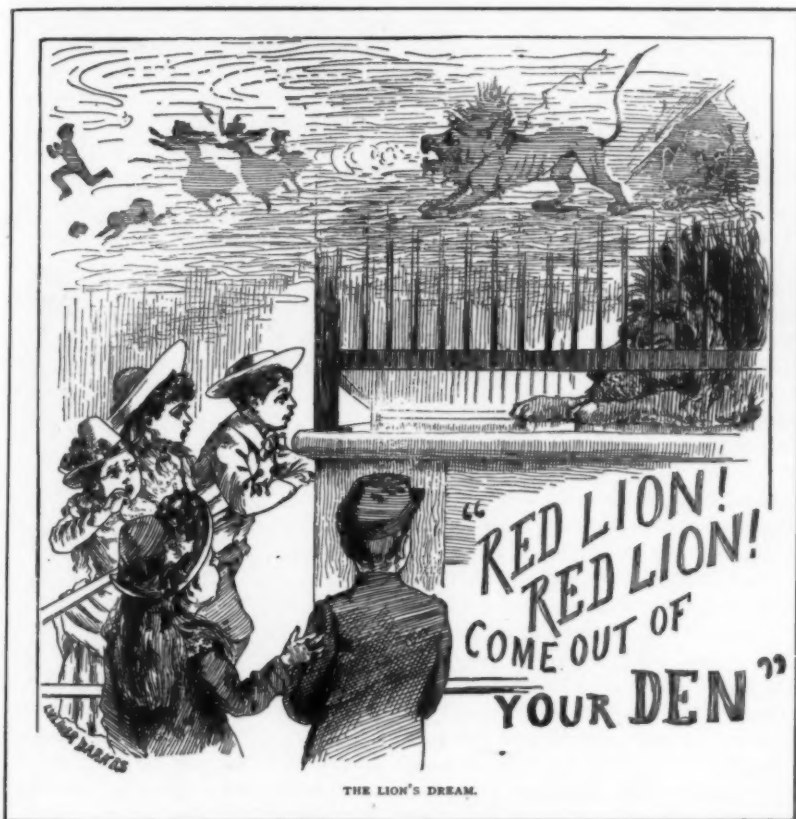
the professor himself. But he had had quite enough of growing and ungrowing. All this shrinking and stretching had worn on him terribly, but he was cheerful and happy. He found Ben, who had more than made up the losses in his unfortunate investments, and who had accumulated quite a fortune, awaiting the return of his master. Ben was delighted at seeing him, and proud to make so good an account of his stewardship.

Jack settled down to make the best of what

time he had left, only regretting that he had wasted his life wishing himself into trouble and then wishing himself out again.

And when he tells his singular story to the children, this is the little moral he adds to it:

"Be contented, be thankful, and be yourself. Don't try to stretch yourself or shrink yourself or wriggle yourself into something else. And whether you are tall or short, thick or thin, you will be sure to find a place in the world that is of just the right size for you."



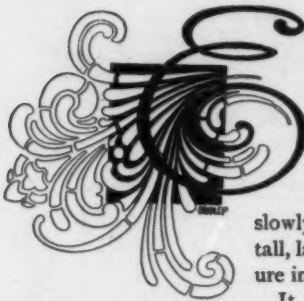
A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Began in the November number.)

By B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XI.

MISS PENNYBACK RECEIVES A SHOCK.



ACH pair of eyes was turned in the direction whence the approaching footsteps came. The kitchen door was then slowly, slowly opened, and a tall, lank, beruffled figure in white appeared.

It was Lucy's governess, Miss Lucinda Pennyback, who had been aroused from sleep by sounds for which she could not account. She was by no means sure whether they proceeded from within the house or from outside the high wall which surrounded Marybud Lodge.

When the sounds first fell upon her ears she sat bolt upright in bed and listened—and was still in doubt. It was most tantalizing to a lady of a timid and inquisitive turn of mind; and at length, unable any longer to restrain her curiosity, she got out of bed and lighted a candle. The light gave her courage, and she determined to go down and see. So downstairs she crept, very slowly and cautiously, shading the candle with her hand. She paused a moment outside Mr. Scarlett's bedroom. Her employer was sleeping like a top or he would not have snored so loudly. She listened at the door of Lydia's bedroom, but that sweet girl's soft breathing would scarcely have stirred a rose-leaf. The sounds, therefore, which Miss Pennyback heard had not disturbed those members of the family. If she had not been afflicted with a prying disposition of the first order, and if she had not harbored a suspicion that cook was entertaining visitors on the sly, she would have returned to her bed; but she was deter-

mined to get to the root of the mystery, and continued to proceed warily in the direction of the kitchen. Miss Pennyback did not like cook—she did not like many people, being a very prim, precise, and particular lady. Her age was—well, not under forty. She had a long, thin face, and a long, thin body, and she never went to bed without putting her hair in curl-papers.

And, as has been stated, she slowly, slowly opened the kitchen door and saw—

Seventeen human, motionless heads turned toward her.

Seventeen pairs of eyes fixed upon her face. Appalling sight!

Lucy was the first to show any sign of life. She advanced to her schoolmistress, and, holding out her hands, cried:

"Miss Pennyback! Dear Miss Pennyback!"

But her words were lost upon the lady she addressed. Miss Pennyback cast one anguished, terrified glance upon the strange figures which met her eyes, threw up her arms, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell fainting to the floor.

*All this
happened
in
the
space
of
six
seconds.*

CHAPTER XII.

FLIP OF THE ODD DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Lucy, wringing her hands. "What is to be done now?"

Richard III appeared to have anticipated the question, and showed himself ready to answer it before it was asked. The moment Miss Pennyback fell to the floor he dragged the Headsmen forward and, pointing to the unconscious lady, hissed fiercely in his ear:

"She lieth in a splendid position. This is your opportunity. Off with her head!"

Then Mme. Tussaud darted forth, and, extending her magic cane, cried in a stern voice: "Dare but to raise your ax and you are

In sullen silence Richard III and the Headman slowly retreated to the extreme end of the kitchen, as they had been commanded to do.



"THE KITCHEN-STAIR DOOR WAS SLOWLY OPENED."

doomed! And you also, Richard. Have you not committed murders enough, that you should thirst for more? Back, back to your corner at once, you bloodthirsty king! Back, I say!"

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"Foiled again, Richard Three," Tom Thumb called out. "You're not to be trusted for one solitary minute, and I reckon you'll be tarred and feathered before you reach the end of your rope. If you had been raised in my country, a free and enlightened republic would have bound up your wounds for you in a way that would have considerably astonished you — yes, *sir!*"

"So this is your governess, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy.

"Yes, ma'am. And she is so fond of telling tales!"

"We will give her something to worry over," said Mme. Tussaud, laughing, as she touched Miss Pennyback with her magic cane. "When she wakes it will puzzle her to find out whether she has been dreaming or not. You must show us her bedroom, and we will put her to bed again. Richard III, kindly lend me your cloak for a few minutes, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, may I trouble you for your assistance? There, wrap the mantle carefully around her. Now, Loushkin, you are tall and strong; you can easily carry her up for us. A giant is a very useful person now and then! Pick up the candlestick, Lucy, and show us the way."

The Russian giant carefully lifted Miss Pennyback, and, preceded by Mme. Tussaud, Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and Lucy,

conveyed the unconscious governess to her sleeping-apartment and laid her upon the bed. Then Mme. Tussaud handed Richard's cloak to Loushkin, who returned to his comrades in the kitchen, groping his way

along the corridor and stepping very softly. Meanwhile the two ladies removed Miss Pennyback's dressing-gown, which she had donned before she went down to the kitchen, put her to bed, and tucked her in nicely. That done, Mme. Tussaud looked about the room to see that no clue was left; and observing the match which Miss Pennyback had used to light her candle, she took it away with her—whereby she proved herself to be more than ever a woman of wisdom, because that burnt match was really an important piece of evidence. Then she blew out the candle and, with her two companions, hastened back to the kitchen, where they found the company in a state of the highest hilarity, of which Flip of the Odd was the cause.

This lad, who had not a regular feature in his face, whose eyes were ill matched, whose mouth was all on one side, and whose features wore a perpetual grin, possessed remarkable gifts, with the display of which he had been entertaining the celebrities. They had arranged themselves in tiers, as though they were in a theater, some sitting on chairs on the floor, some upon the table, and some on chairs which had been lifted upon the table. There was thus a clear space all round the room between the dressers and the movable furniture, and it was in this space that Flip of the Odd was performing. He turned cart-wheels so rapidly and untiringly that it made one dizzy to look at the whirling figure; he put his arms under his legs and hopped about like a frog; he walked on his hands, and carried plates and dishes on the soles of his shoes. There was no end to his antics, and he had made himself so popular that Henry VIII was declaring that he would double the boy's wages, when Mme. Tussaud, Lucy, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe returned.

"Less noise, less noise!" said Mme. Tussaud, reversing Flip of the Odd so that he stood as nature intended him to stand. "Stop this clamor, or you will alarm the family. Get down from the table, all of you, and help me to clear the things away. The kitchen must be left as clean and tidy as we found it. Come, bustle, bustle, bustle, every man Jack of you!"

Not only did every man Jack (with the exception of two), but every woman Jill of them began instantly to bustle about and wash up the

plates and dishes, and none entered into the spirit of the affair with greater zest than Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth.

"Doth not this remind thee, Bess," he asked, "of the pranks of childhood? Dost recall the night when we discovered thee in the pantry, licking thy little fingers, which thou hadst plunged into a dish of conserve? 'T was barberry, thy favorite jam, and thy face and hands were black with the sweet juice. Thou hadst a cold afterward, and wert dosed. Ho, ho, ho! Mme. la Tussaud, hast thou a conserve of barberry for our royal daughter? We will share it with her."

"We heard a story," said Queen Elizabeth, pointing her finger at him, "of our royal father being caught at midnight in the pantry with a jar of piccalilli in his lap, which he had almost emptied."

"Ho, ho, ho!" shouted Henry, roaring with laughter. "Did that story get to thine ears, Bess? Piccalilli was a pickle we never could resist. The recollection makes our mouth water. We were little higher than Tom of the Thumb at the time, and had we not been sick for a week afterward we were in danger of a whipping. Ah, those were days! Lucy, ma belle, thou must set before us a jar of piccalilli. By my fay, we are a boy again!"

And indeed he behaved like one, and laughed so heartily and made such merry jests that he infected the whole company with his jollity (always with two exceptions). Mme. Tussaud was quite right when she told Lucy that she would find him very entertaining. He tickled Oliver Cromwell in the ribs, and Oliver, laying aside his puritanical airs for a moment, gave bluff King Hal a poke in the side, almost doubling him up, while Charles II and Richard I had a fencing bout with Mrs. Peckham's wooden rolling-pins which evoked much applause and laughter. And when Richard III—who, advancing to see the combat, was pushed by Tom Thumb between the combatants—received a smart crack on the head from each of them, the hilarity threatened to become uncontrollable. Houqua did not laugh loudly, but emitted a succession of grave chuckles and wagged his head from side to side.

Mme. Tussaud restored order by exclaiming:

"Come, come, you are leaving the work half undone. We shall have plenty of time for fun by and by."

The rivalry now was who should do the greatest amount of useful work in the shortest time. If Henry VIII behaved like a boy, Queen Elizabeth behaved like a romping school-girl. She drew quarts of hot water from the boiler, and helped to wash the plates and dishes, which Oliver Cromwell, Guy Fawkes, and the royal princes wiped dry with the dish-cloths with which Tom Thumb provided them. No one was busier than he, and no one more willing. Everybody kept calling to the merry little man for this, that, or t' other, and he never failed to produce what they required, or to do what was asked of him. Every time Sir Rowley left the kitchen with his hands full, or returned with his hands empty, he had some such remark to make as: "Wot larks! Go it—go it—go it! Oh, be n't it jolly!"

And while all this was going on, Richard III, with folded arms, gazed moodily before him, or unfolded them to rub his head; and the Headsman lurked in his corner, waiting for orders.

When the work was finished the kitchen was once more a picture of neatness. There was not a plate or a jug out of its proper place; the black cat and the tortoise-shell were stretched before the range, which still threw out a little heat, and the fat Persian was asleep in its basket, this laziest of lazy creatures not having taken the slightest interest in the proceedings.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER A STORM COMES A CALM.

"WHAT has now to be seen to," said Mme. Tussaud to Lucy, "is how to dispose of ourselves for the rest of the night. My celebrities are getting sleepy. Where can we repose out of sight of your papa and the governess and servants? Has the house any spare rooms?"

"Oh, yes, a great many," replied Lucy. "Before papa took the lodge it was a boarding-school for boys. There are rooms where the boys used to sleep; but there is nothing in them.—not a bed or a chair; they are quite empty."

"Hm! My celebrities can't very well sleep on the floor; it would spoil their clothes, which

cost enough money already; besides, some of them are in armor. Look at Henry VIII, for instance; if he got down he might be unable to get up again. I am proud of Henry. He is rather fat, it is true; but no one would doubt that he was a king—"

"Ay," murmured Queen Elizabeth, drowsily; she had caught the words, and was thinking of her favorite poet; "'every inch a king.'"

"He is a most magnificent figure," continued Mme. Tussaud, "but I doubt whether he is appreciated as much as he deserves to be. The collar of the Garter he is wearing is the same he wore when he met the French king, Francis I, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But I am wandering from the point. We can do without beds, for on no account would I allow my celebrities to remove their costumes; but they must have something to sit upon. Marybud Lodge having been an educational establishment, there should be a school-room in it."

"There are two," said Lucy, "with benches and desks at which the boys did their lessons."

"The very thing," said Mme. Tussaud. "One will do for the gentlemen, the other for the ladies." She rapped on the table to arouse the attention of the celebrities. "You will all follow me without making the least noise; our work is done for the night, and we are going to rest. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd will put out the gas when we are gone, and get to bed. I shall want to see them both early in the morning."

"And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow," interrupted Queen Elizabeth.

"Well, not quite so early as that," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Be up at your usual hour, Rowley and Flip, and be careful that you do not whisper to a soul a word of what you have seen to-night."

"Ye have sworn, varlets," said Henry VIII. "Break your oath and it will fare ill with ye."

"You won't say a word, will you, Rowley?" said Lucy.

"I be mum as a porkeypine, missy," replied the old man. "They sha'n't drag a word out o' me, and I 'll not let Flip out o' my sight."

"We rely on you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good night."

Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd bowed low

as the celebrities followed Mme. Tussaud and Lucy out of the kitchen; and then Sir Rowley put out the gas and went to his bedroom, wondering what the morrow would bring forth: what old Mr. Scarlett would say when he saw all these great people; what Miss Lydia would say; what Mrs. Peckham would say when she

When Mme. Tussaud saw the two bedrooms she said they would do capitally, and she made a little speech to her celebrities, in which she explained the arrangements for their night's repose. She said that when the ladies had retired, a watch would have to be kept by the gentlemen of the company, to guard against alarms and surprises.



"'WE HEARD A STORY,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, POINTING HER FINGER AT HENRY VIII, 'OF OUR ROYAL FATHER BEING CAUGHT AT MIDNIGHT IN THE PANTRY WITH A JAR OF PICCALILLI IN HIS LAP.'"

found the larder empty; what Mr. Grimweed would say when he came to the lodge; what the tradesmen would say—what everybody would say!

"Lardy, lardy!" he said as he reached his room. "This do be a night surely. Kings and queens and giants and dwarfs a-coming to Barnet in the dead o' night, and measter to be brought to reason, and me being made Sir Rowley by a king in armor—my old head spins to think of it all! Flip, when ye 're a grandfeyther ye 'll have a tale to tell."

But Flip had tumbled into bed with his clothes on and was fast asleep; and Sir Rowley was not long in following his example.

"We thank thee for thy care of us," said Queen Elizabeth. "It is time indeed to retire, for 'the iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.'"

Mme. Tussaud continued her address to the general company, and asked who would volunteer for the first watch. Tom Thumb, ever ready, instantly stepped forward, and he was followed by most of the others, who declared they were ready to die in defense of the ladies.

"I do not doubt your courage," said Mme. Tussaud. "You are on parole, remember. Who plays false with his knightly word forfeits his knightly honor, and I shall deal severely with him. Richard III, what are you muttering in the ear of my Headsman?"

"Nothing that it behooves me to tell you, madame," answered the surly king.

"If you'll excuse me for contradicting you, Richard Three," said Tom Thumb, "that's an everlasting whopper. Your last words to the gentleman in the black mask were: 'We will despatch them in their sleep, or when their backs are turned.'"

"Foul befall thy o'er-glib tongue!" growled Richard III. "I have a mind to trounce thee. If I had thee alone—ha! thou malapert knave! Aie!—our favorite corn!"

Tom Thumb had, "accidentally on purpose," as he said, stepped upon the kingly toes, and the wily Richard was screaming with pain.

"Thou art rightly served," said Richard Cœur de Lion. "With our own ears did we hear thee conspire. I would have thee be not so rude in speech to this gallant knight."

He made a courtly gesture to Tom Thumb, who bowed his best bow.

"Knight!" sneered Richard III, hopping about on one leg. "A manikin such as he a knight! Thou art jesting."

"I speak not in jest," said the First Richard. "He is, I say, a gallant knight. Are not his deeds recorded in King Arthur's court?"

'Now he with tilts and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show.
Such were his deeds and noble acts,
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.'

They would hardly speak so of thee, name-sake."

"Great snakes!" cried Tom Thumb, enthusiastically. "Is all that about me? Give us some more, Richard of the Lion Heart."

"We knew the poem by heart," answered Richard Cœur de Lion, "but it hath escaped our memory. We hold thee in our English hearts, Tom of the Thumb, as a very hero of romance."

"I' faith! gadzooks! by our lady! beshrew me! and marry come up!" cried Tom, plunging wildly into the vernacular of the middle ages. "Every boy who speaks the English language holds *thee*, noble Richard, as his hero

of romance. I am a knave else." And he whispered to himself: "Bully for you, old man! Never thought it was in you. Pity that Barnum is n't alive to hear you."

"I will dispense with your services, Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud. "As for you" (to the Headsman, who, at a touch of the magic cane, became stiff and motionless), "I will lock you up in a closet for the rest of the night. Is this a cupboard here, Lucy? Yes, this will do."

At a signal from her, Loushkin lifted the senseless form of the Headsman and deposited it in a dark closet originally used for disobedient pupils. She locked the door upon her prisoner, and, pocketing the key, desired the ladies to wish the gentlemen good night. This was done with much ceremony, and Mme. Tussaud, accompanied by Lucy, conducted Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe to their chamber, and expressed the hope that they would sleep well.

"I shall not close my eyes," she said to Lucy, when the door was shut upon the ladies. "My business is to keep a guard over my people. What I have done to the Headsman will have a salutary effect upon them, and I have no fear that Richard will succeed in inciting them to rebellion. They detest him, and he detests them, and detests our dear Tom Thumb most of all. What a plucky little mite he is! And now, child, my labors for the night are nearly over. All that remains to be done is to bring Miss Pennyback to her senses."

"Before you do that," said Lucy, "please tell me what *I* am to do."

"Where do you sleep, my dear?"

"In the room next to Lydia's. I have to go through her room to get into mine."

"Can you creep in without waking her?"

"I think I can."

"Try. You can tell her everything in the morning before she comes down. It might frighten her to wake her up now, and I should not wish to disturb your papa at such an hour."

"Please," said Lucy, tearfully, "I *do* want to say something to you about papa."

"Well, child, say it."

"He is not unkind to us," said Lucy; "indeed, indeed, he is not. He has always been very good to us. But he is *so* fond of Marybud

Lodge, and he would be miserable and wretched if we were turned out of it. I told you, did n't I, that it belongs to Mr. Grimweed? And he won't sell it to papa, and he won't renew the lease, unless Lydia promises to marry him. There is a tower on the top of the Lodge, you know, where papa studies the stars, and he says there is n't another house in England where he can do it so well. Papa is writing a book about the stars,—he has been writing it all his life,—and he says it will take years and years to finish, and he can't finish it anywhere else. He has a large telescope fixed up there in the observatory, and he tells us such wonderful things about Jupiter and Mars and Venus and Saturn, and that other one—oh, yes, Uranus. I don't understand them a bit, but papa does love them all so much. And Mr. Grimweed says that papa's telescope belongs to him, because the stand is fixed to the floor. Lydia says that Mr. Grimweed *hates* dear Harry, and would like to crush him—yes, to crush him! Did you ever hear anything so dreadful? Oh, he *is* wicked, almost as wicked, it seems to me, as—as Richard III."

Lucy made this long explanation with sobs and tears.

"You don't want me to lay the blame on papa?" said Mme. Tussaud, her kind hand patting Lucy's shoulder.

"No, ma'am—please, please don't."

"But, after all, my dear little Lucy, it is papa and no one else who can say to the Grimweed man: 'Be off with you, monster; you shall *not* marry my daughter'; and to Harry Bower: 'Harry, you're a fine fellow. Lydia is yours. Take her, with my blessing, and be married to-morrow.' Now there is no one but your papa who can bring this happiness to Lydia."

"Of course not, ma'am. I know that."

"Then it is absolutely necessary that your papa shall be brought to reason, as well as that Grimweed man."

"Yes, ma'am; but you'll—you'll do it nicely, won't you?"

"With your papa? Certainly. But I will not promise to do it so nicely with the Grimweed man. Leave them both to me, child, and be quite easy in your mind about your papa. I will not hurt his little finger."

"Thank you—oh, thank you! You are the kindest lady that ever lived," said Lucy, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Do not cry, my dear," said Mme. Tussaud. "Go to sleep with a light heart. I declare, there is the dawn peeping at you, wondering why you are not in bed. Do you hear the birds? What shocking hours for you to keep—for us all, to be sure!"

She kissed Lucy very affectionately, and when the child was in her bedroom, which she reached without disturbing Lydia, the old lady went to Miss Pennyback's apartment, and touching her with the magic cane, stole noiselessly away to look after her celebrities. The moment she stepped into the passage, Tom Thumb called out:

"Stand, ho! Who goes there?"

He spoke in so loud a tone that through the fast-closed door of the ladies' sleeping-apartment the words reached the slumbering senses of Queen Elizabeth, who murmured drowsily:

"Friends to this ground, and liegemen to the Dane."

"It is only I, Tom," said Mme. Tussaud. "How are you getting on?"

"I humbly thank you, well," replied Tom, who was in the Shaksperian vein.

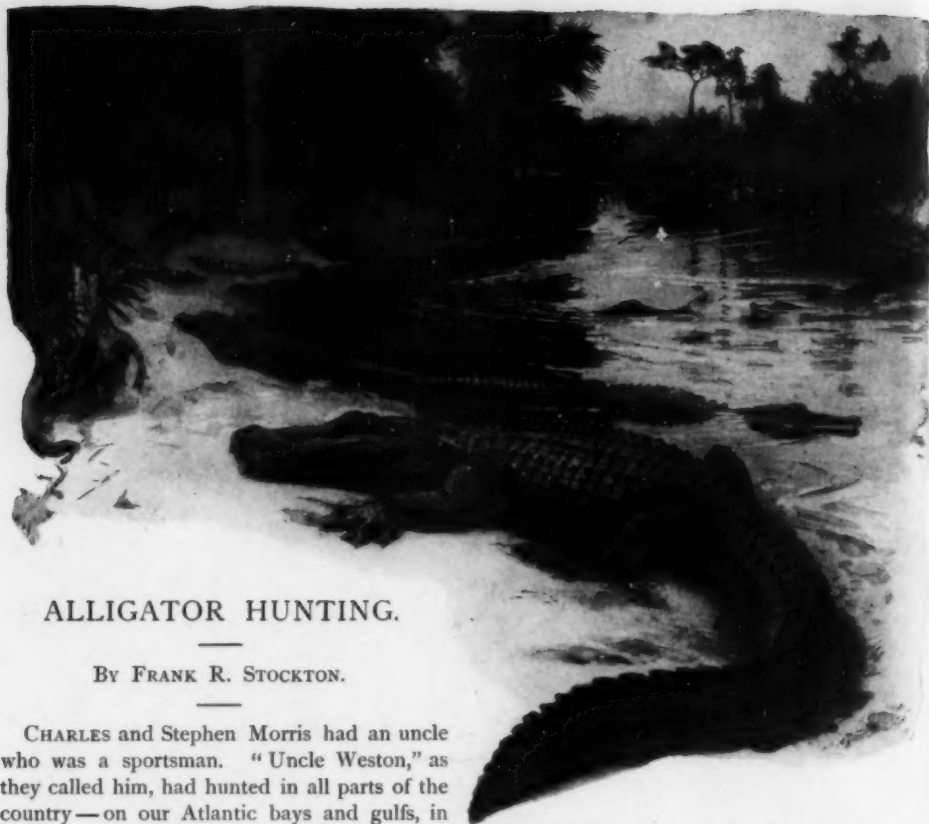
Mme. Tussaud nodded smilingly at him, and, seating herself at the end of the passage, also kept watch to guard against surprises.

(To be continued.)





A MERCHANT OF THE PAVEMENT—THE OLD MAN WITH THE MECHANICAL TOYS.



ALLIGATOR HUNTING.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

CHARLES and Stephen Morris had an uncle who was a sportsman. "Uncle Weston," as they called him, had hunted in all parts of the country—on our Atlantic bays and gulfs, in the woods of Maine, in the far West, and in Texas and Florida. It was a glad time for Charles and Stephen when they could get Uncle Weston to tell about his expeditions.

At one time the boys were especially interested in alligators, a friend traveling in Florida having sent them a little live alligator in a box. This creature was about eight inches long, and afforded much amusement to Stephen and Charles, but he did not satisfy them. They wished to know all about the "big fellows"—the ones that could bite a man's leg off or devour a pig.

One day they found Uncle Weston sitting on a bench under a tree; and, clambering up on each side of him, they asked him to tell them about all the alligators he had ever seen, and anything he had heard or read about alligators.

"That would take a long time," said Uncle Weston, smiling, "for I suppose I have seen a

thousand alligators in my life; but I can tell you some things about these animals that I think will interest you, now that you have begun to be owners of this kind of stock. Alligators are found in many of our extreme Southern States, but the most of those I have seen were in Florida. Along the St. Johns River, and in the narrow streams which flow into it, there are a great number of alligators. Thousands of them are killed every year, some merely for sport, and some for the sake of their skins; but there still seem to be plenty of them left. Every small steamboat that sails along the upper waters of the St. Johns has two or three passengers armed with rifles sitting in her bow, who fire at every alligator that shows his nose above the water or is seen upon the bank. Very often these men miss their mark entirely; sometimes they wound the animals, and some-

times, but by no means frequently, they kill one.

"But, whatever their success may be, they seem to consider it great sport or else a kind of duty to bang, bang, bang at every alligator they see. This is a poor way of hunting alligators, because it is a shame wantonly to wound any animals, even if they are ugly and savage. And when one is killed, it is seldom that a steamboat will stop to allow a passenger to haul his game aboard. Whenever I killed an alligator, it was always because I wanted some of his teeth or a part of his skin."

"But did the steamboats wait for you?" asked Charles.

"I never shot at them from a steamboat," replied Uncle Weston. "When I set out to

where we had left our boat. We tied a rope around his body and hung him to a pole, by which we carried him to the boat. We found it pretty hot work, and if any one of us had been hunting alone he would have been obliged to leave that alligator where it was shot."

"The men who hunt them for their hides carry away merely the skins and perhaps some of the teeth; and it is astonishing how many alligators are killed for the skins alone. I was talking to an old hunter one day, and he said he expected during that summer to get a thousand alligator hides. I have a suspicion that the old fellow was trying to tell me a tall story; but, judging from what I have known men to do in this way, I have no doubt that he did secure a large number of skins that season.



ONE OF THE "BIG FELLOWS."

hunt alligators I always went in a sail-boat or a rowboat. Then I could go where I pleased and stay as long as I liked. Usually several of us went out together; and, indeed, this was necessary, for if a big alligator is killed, and you are to carry him away, it would be hard work for one man to get him on board the boat."

"I remember that we once shot a moderate-sized alligator, about half a mile away from

"One of the best ways to shoot alligators is to row in a small boat up one of the streams which they are known to frequent, and then to drop down quietly with the current, making no noise with the oars or anything else. In this way you come upon them as they lie on the bank, without disturbing them, and you can pick out just the kind of alligator you want. I have floated quite close to numbers of them, some

lying half in and half out of the water, some asleep on the bank, others walking about, and some raising themselves upon their fore legs and yawning, as if they were tired of doing nothing."

"It must be dreadful to see an alligator yawn," said Stephen.

"It would be dreadful if you had your leg or arm between his jaws when he stopped yawning," replied his uncle; "but I had no objection to looking at one from a distance while he was in a sleepy mood.

"I once had an unsatisfactory adventure with some alligators while floating down a stream in the way I have described. It was in a creek that runs into Indian River on the Atlantic coast of Florida. This creek was known to be a great place for alligators, and I went up

water all about me. They did not seem at all afraid of me. Every now and then a big fellow would raise up his head and look at me as if he wondered what I was doing there. Soon some of them swam so close to the boat that I actually imagined that they were considering whether or not it would be a good idea to clamber on board and see what was there. I did not fire at any of them, for, to tell the truth, I did not wish to excite the angry passions of the great creatures. It would have been easy for them to upset my little boat, and then they could have bitten me into as many pieces as they liked. Before long I thought that this was a very poor place for me to be in, and that I had seen all the alligators I cared to see that day. So I laid down my gun, took up my oars, and quietly pulled down the stream toward the



"WE TIED A ROPE AROUND HIS BODY AND HUNG HIM TO A POLE."

to the mouth of it in a sail-boat. When I got there, I said that I wanted to try to hunt alligators by myself; and so I took a small skiff and rowed up the creek. I saw alligators on each bank as I went up; but I kept on for about half a mile, and then, drawing in the oars and taking my rifle, I prepared to float down. Very soon I found myself in the midst of a colony of alligators. Some were on the bank near by, and others were swimming in the

sail-boat. Even then I was afraid some fellow might seize one of the oars in his jaws and crunch it into little bits. But I got away safely, and I am afraid the men in the sail-boat laughed at me a little when they heard my story. Now, do you think it was cowardly in me to run away from the alligators in that manner?"

"I don't know," said Charles, after some hesitation; but Stephen remarked that he thought it looked rather like cowardice.

"It was not cowardly," said Uncle Weston, very decidedly. "It is never cowardly to avoid danger when there is no good to be gained by meeting it. It is very seldom that alligators attack a man; but if those creatures had become excited or enraged in any way, and my

"I think they generally eat fish and water-fowl," answered his uncle. "They are also glad to get hold of a stray pig whenever they can; and I have been told they are rather fond of such little negro children as may wander too near the water's edge. Their method of catch-

ing water-fowl is curious. A flock of ducks will be swimming on the water, and an alligator will glide noiselessly under them, and, seizing a duck by the legs, will jerk it quickly under the surface without making enough noise or splash to disturb its companions. Duck after duck will thus silently disappear, and, unless the roll is called, it is probable that the rest of the flock will hardly know that their companions have vanished.



"IT IS HIS MISFORTUNE, POOR FELLOW, THAT HIS HIDE MAKES VERY GOOD LEATHER."

boat had been upset, I think it is very likely that some of them would have seized me. And so, if you care anything about hearing my hunting stories, I think you ought to be very glad that I made up my mind to row away from those alligators and leave them unmolested."

"Oh, of course we are glad," said both of the boys; and then Charles asked if alligators were not savage creatures like tigers. He had always heard that they were just as bad as other wild beasts.

"No," replied Uncle Weston, "they are not nearly so dangerous as many wild beasts; for if you let alligators alone they will let you alone. I have been told that hunters in the interior of Florida will wade through a pond in which there are a great many alligators; and that while a dog will be almost sure to be seized by the ugly creatures, the men are seldom disturbed. Still, I must say that I would hesitate a long time before I would wade through a pond in which there were alligators."

"What do they live on?" asked Stephen.

"It used to be very difficult to kill alligators," continued Uncle Weston. "Hunters were obliged to shoot them in the eye, or in some soft place in the under part of the body. But the improved rifles and ammunition of the present day make it possible to send a ball through an alligator's skull, or, indeed, through any part of his body. You have heard how people are continually inventing stronger kinds of war-vessels as well as larger and more powerful cannon. As soon as one nation makes cannon that will fire more tremendous balls and shells than were ever fired before, other nations make the iron and steel plates on their war-vessels thicker and stronger; and so the contest goes on, and it is impossible to say which will at any time be ahead in the race—the enormous cannon or the steel-plated vessels. But, although we may improve our rifles, the alligator has no means of strengthening or thickening his hide; and so his armor, which used to be his principal defense against his enemies, is of little use to him now when a man fires at him with an improved rifle."



A PAIR OF REAL ALLIGATOR SLIPPERS.

"It is pretty hard on the alligators," said Stephen; "but then, I suppose they ought to be killed. They are horrible creatures."

"Yes," replied his uncle. "An alligator seems

to be of no particular use while living, and it is his misfortune, poor fellow, that his hide makes very good leather. In course of time I suppose alligators will be very nearly exterminated in our Southern States."

"Do you think it would pay," asked Charles, "for us to keep our alligator until he grows up, and then to sell his skin?"

"I do not know that it would pay you," said Uncle Weston, laughing, "unless alligator skins at that time should have become very scarce and valuable; and how many fingers and toes you would have by the time the creature had grown two feet long it would be very difficult to say. But you need not think of speculating in this way. I am sorry to say that your alligator will probably not live very long. As a general thing, these little creatures die soon after they are brought North. For some reason they do not seem to be able to adjust themselves to our climate and to their new way of living."



GUESSING SONG.

BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

Up out of the hill I make my way,
Down over the rocks I go,
And I jump and tumble, but make no stay
Till I come to the fields below.

In and out through the grass I wind,
Among cattle and patient sheep,
Till somewhere a shady nook I find,
And loiter there half asleep.

Then up I wake and hasten away,
Growing stronger and stronger still;
And the miller catches me at my play
And sets me to turn his mill.

But I slip from his yoke and away I go,
Till at last on my back folk ride,
And I smell the sea far away, and know
I shall rest when I reach the tide.

HOW DICKY LEARNED HIS ALPHABET.

By J. C. BEARD.



I 've something very strange to tell
About what happened once
To Dick, who would n't learn to spell,
But chose to be a dunce.



One winter eve, when he to bed
Without his tea was sent,
He had a frightful dream, he said,
When off to sleep he went.

His open book, thrown down in rage,
Upon the carpet lay —
When all the letters on the page
Rose up and ran away.

They ranged his bedroom far and wide,
And gathered in a throng;
And every letter by its side
A small one led along.

There was straddling A and bouncing B,
And curved C following after;
Full-bodied D and slipshod E —
You 'd have almost died with laughter!



There was funny F, the queer old guy,
And G, who turns his heels up;
H on his crutches, long slim I,
And his cousin J, who keels up.





Then kicking K and long-toed L,
And M and N, the brothers,
Round jolly O, and puffy P,
Pell-mell among the others.



Trailing Q and her husband U,
He never will forsake her;
And graceful R and crooked S
And broad-brimmed T the Quaker.





Sharp V and next him W,
Like the Siamese twins united;
Cross X awry and outstretched Y,
Like an orator excited.

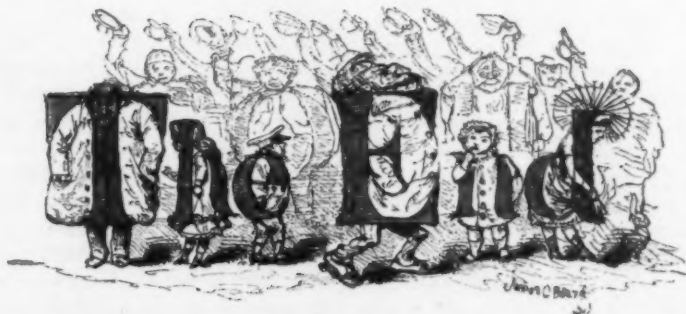


And zigzag Z, so old and queer,
Neglected for his betters,
With shaky step brings up the rear,
The last among the letters.



They marched past Dick so many times
It made his poor head swim;
Their names they shouted clear and strong
Each time they went by him.

They grew more friendly by and by,
And Dicky, for his part,
Was on the best of terms with each,
And knew them all by heart.



John C. Bailey

SIMPLE SCIENCE FOR SIMPLE SIMONS.

BY BORIS GLAVE.

THE OBSTINATE CORK.

WHEN I was a boy we had a song about "Aunt Jemima's Plaster," the peculiarity of which was that "the more you tried to get it off, the more it stuck the faster." Here we have a picture of an experiment with an obstinate cork that flies in the face of any one who tries to compel it to go into the neck of a bottle. The more you try to blow it in, the more it leaves the bottle. You can try this with any large bottle and a cork small enough to fit very loosely in its neck. Holding the bottle so that it points directly at your mouth, and placing the cork in the neck, the harder you blow on the cork for the purpose of driving it into the bottle, the more forcibly will the cork rush

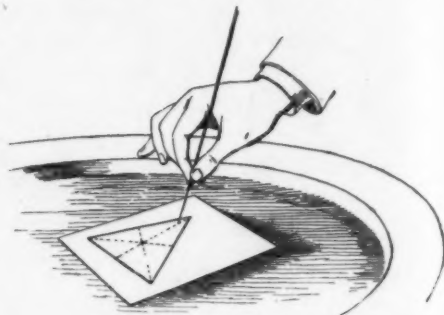


from its place in the neck. Instead of a cork, the experiment may be successfully tried with a small ball of pith, or with one of paper.

THE MAGIC TRIANGLE.

A VERY interesting experiment may be performed as follows. With a *wet* lead-pencil point draw on a piece of thick paper a triangle—whether the sides are equal or not makes no difference. Lay it on the surface of a basin

of water with the drawing up, and very carefully fill the space inside the dampened lines with water, so that there will be a triangular basin



of water on the swimming sheet of paper. (The water will not extend beyond the wet lines of the drawing.) Now, taking a pin or a needle, or any thin, smooth, sharp-pointed instrument, dip its point into this triangular basin, anywhere but at its center of area—say, very nearly at one of the angles. Be careful not to touch the paper and so prevent its free motion in any direction, and you will find that no matter where the point is placed, the paper will move on the water until the center of area comes under the point. This center of area may be indicated before placing the paper on the water by drawing lines from any two angles to the centers of the opposite sides; where the two lines cross will be the desired place.

If a square be drawn instead of a triangle, and similarly treated, it will move until the intersection of its diagonals comes under the pin-point; and no matter what figure be drawn, it will move along the water so as to bring its center of area directly under the point.

THE POWER OF A BREATH.

IN order to show what force, not figuratively, but actually, a breath has, take a good, stout, tight paper bag, and laying it on the edge of a table so that its mouth projects, stand a heavy book on end on the bag, and across this book lay another, also of considerable weight. By



blowing in the bag, keeping the mouth tight in the bag so that no air can escape, the upright book will be tilted and raised and the structure overthrown. It would, of course, be impossible to blow the book over without the aid of the bag.

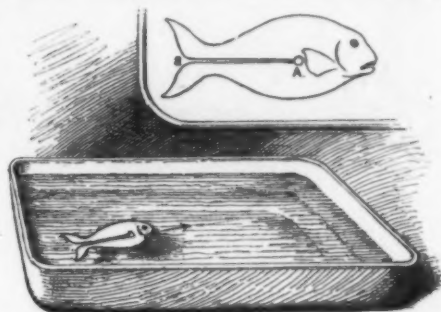
THE PAPER FISH.

Cut a fish out of stout writing-paper, and in the center cut a round hole, as shown at A in the figure; then from this cut out a narrow strip reaching to the tail.

Placing this paper fish in any long vessel full of water, it will, when you are ready for it to do so, slowly move head first along the surface of the water without your touching it. (Care must be taken to lay it gently on the water, so as not to wet the upper surface of the paper.) The fish, of course, lies *flat* on the water.

The secret lies, not in blowing the fish along, as some promptly guess, but in placing in the opening A a large drop of oil. This tries to expand and extend over the surface of the water; the paper is not porous enough to ab-

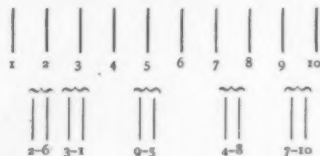
sorb it promptly, so the oil seeks the path of least resistance. In this case this is found to be by



passing out of the channel which leads from the hole A to B; and in issuing from this channel it will push the fish forward.

A JUMPING TRICK.

LAY ten tooth-picks in a row at equal distances. Move them by "jumping," as in checkers, so that two shall be "jumped" each time, and at last five pairs remain.

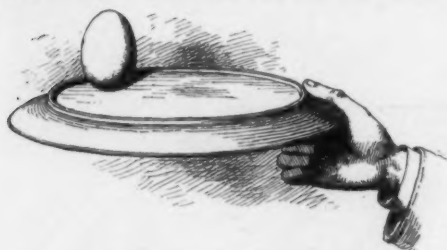


SOLUTION: Lay 7 on 10, 4 on 8, 6 on 2, 1 on 3, 9 on 5.

THE DANCING EGG.

To make an egg dance on the bottom of a plate, first boil it hard; then set it on its large end in the center of the plate, and, holding the latter horizontal, give it a rotation in a horizontal plane; the egg will keep spinning like a top. With practice, the egg may be made to assume the vertical position after being laid on its side. To facilitate prompt obedience on the part of the egg, hold it vertical, with the large end downward, while it is being boiled. To make the trick still more easy to perform, lay the plate on a table with the edge projecting beyond that of the table, and then start the egg

spinning by use of the thumb and fingers. The projecting position of the plate will enable you



to grasp this latter quickly with the right hand, and then all that you will have to do will be to keep the egg spinning by giving the plate its rotating motion.

TO BLOW A COIN OUT OF A GLASS.

It would seem, I admit, a bold statement to say that you could put a penny (or rather a "cent" in America) in the bottom of a wine-glass, cover it up with a dollar, and then, without touching either coin, blow the cent out of the glass without removing the dollar from the latter. Yet it can be done — if you know how.

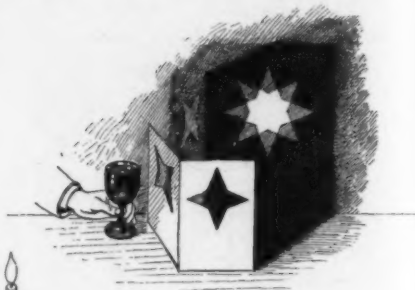


The cent is laid in the bottom of the glass "sure enough," as they say down South; then the dollar, which is very much larger, is laid in so that it lies in a horizontal plane at some little distance above the cent. Now to get the cent past the dollar and out of the glass with the breath alone, blow sharply downward on that side of the upper face of the dollar which lies next to you. This will cause the coin to tilt as though on an axis; and the cent will be

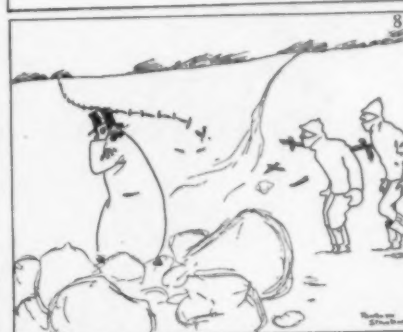
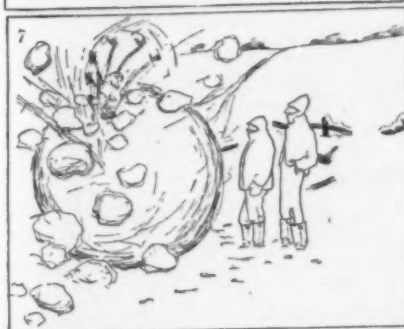
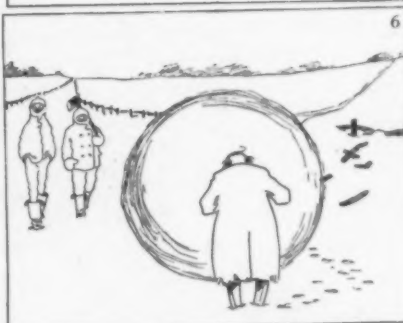
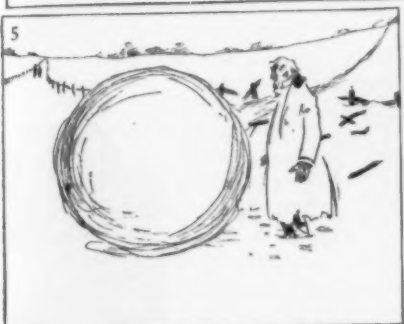
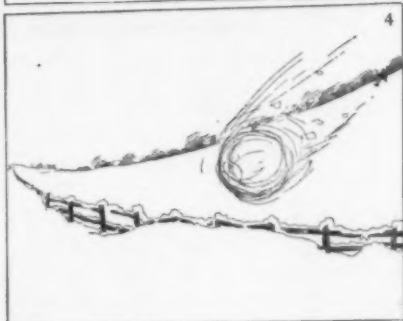
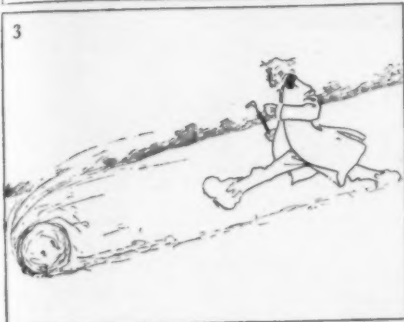
blown, by the current of air reflected from the bottom of the glass, past the dollar and up out of the glass.

THE THREE-COLORED STAR.

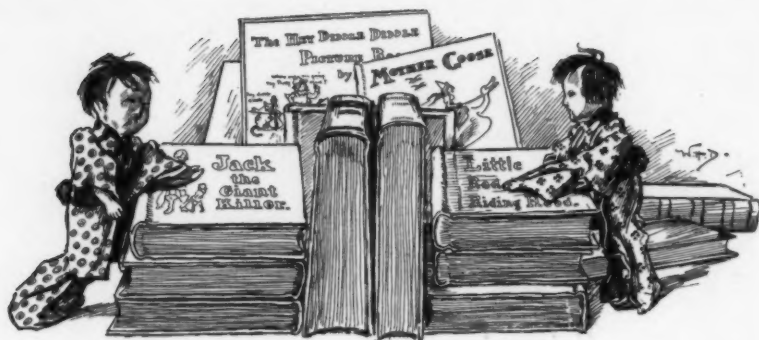
To produce this pleasing and remarkable effect, take a square piece of cardboard (say eight inches on a side) and fold it down the center. In one of the divisions draw and cut out a four-pointed star with the arms vertical and horizon-



tal; lay the piece cut out from here on the other division of the cardboard, but with the arms diagonal, and having marked its outline exactly, cut out that star. Stand the card on end, as shown in the figure, on a table which is pushed close to a white wall, or on which is stood a white screen. Place two lighted candles on the table in such positions that the stars cast by the openings in the card fall together on the wall, making an eight-pointed star. Now, holding a piece of colored glass, paper, or gelatin, or a glass of colored liquid, between one of the candles and its corresponding star, the eight-pointed light star on the wall will be three-colored, the colors varying with the color used for the screen. Where a red screen is used to color the light falling on one four-pointed star, the eight-pointed star will be red, green, and white. If a yellow screen be used to color the light, the eight-pointed star will be yellow, purple, and white, etc. This is a good exercise in "complementary colors."



HOW THE PROFESSOR RECOVERED HIS HAT.
A TRAGEDY OF A FEBRUARY BLIZZARD.



AFTER YOU WERE ASLEEP.

BY CLARA MARIE PLATT.

WHEN you went to bed, the rubber doll still stood on his head, where you threw him, just as if he enjoyed it; the horse whose tail you clipped short stood patiently, pretending not to care; the two little Japanese dolls looked lonesomely at each other from across a great pile of books, but never shed a tear—when you went to bed. Ah, but after you were asleep!

I was sitting in the nursery all in the dark, when suddenly there was a chattering of little voices in the play-house.

"Open that door!" somebody called. "Now, all together: one—two—three!"



The door flew open, and out rattled all the ninepins.

"It's good to stretch a bit," said the kingpin. "It's a shame that we are n't allowed

any exercise just because those children are tired of us! I've been lying in one position until I'm fairly stiff."

There was a puffing and snorting, and the little pony on wheels dashed by, with his eyes sticking straight out in front, and his tail sticking straight out behind. After him waddled the dancing bear, growling fiercely.

"I've been in such a fright all day," neighed the pony, when he was safe between the rockers of the big horse. "Why is n't that bear caged? He growls dreadfully, and he does not belong with domestic animals, anyway."

"The worst of it is that I can't do anything but growl," answered the toy bear. "I'll be glad when they learn to make us so that we can bite, too, and relieve our feelings. To be shut up all day with dolls and Mother Goose books is enough to make any healthy bear growl!"

Behind the bear came two forlorn little





tell whether I'm Hop-o'-my-Thumb or Jenny Wren. I've almost lost my wits."

"I have an idea!" exclaimed the rubber doll, turning a somersault and landing on his head.

"Sup-^{"Mama"} pose we all fix our-^{"PaPa"} selves comfortably, and see if those children won't take the hint."

A moan came from the rocking-horse: "I never can be comfortable again. My

tail, my proudly waving tail, is gone forever!"

"Why, what's this in the waste-basket?" exclaimed the rubber doll. "I do believe it is your tail. But I can tie it on with a string."

He did it so skilfully that the rocking-horse rocked for joy.

"What about the rest of us?" asked the little pony. "I sha'n't be comfortable until that bear is chained up; and who is to chain him?"

"I'll go in myself," replied the bear. "But it's very hard to give up frightening the pony, for it's the only fun I have." With a last growl,

Japanese figures, and two forlorn little Japanese voices wailed together:

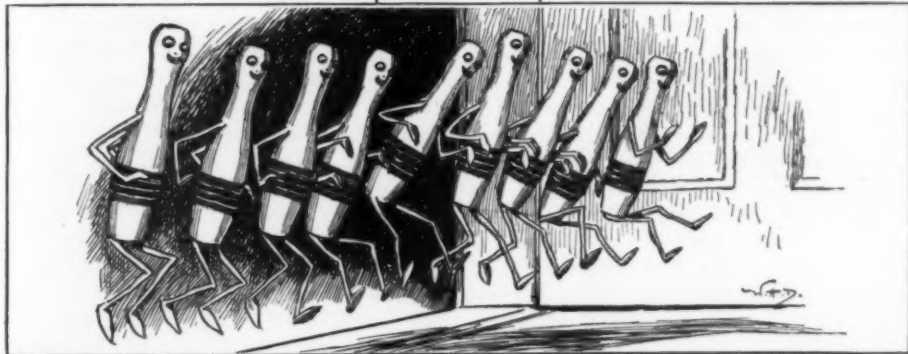
"Oh, take us back to our home o'er the seas,

For not a toy here can speak Japanese."

The toys tried in vain to comfort them in English.

Then with a rustle and flutter, the pile of picture-books came sliding to the floor. "It was n't our fault," said one. "We did n't mean to keep them apart all day."

"I can't even keep myself together," said another. "The children have mixed my pages so that I can't



that almost made the pony's glass eyes pop out of his head, he stalked back to his corner.

"Now let us straighten out these books," directed the rubber doll. "Who is there here that has ever learned to read?"

side of the room. As the little pony rolled in, the bear started to growl, but on second thought mumbled to himself instead. The two Japanese babies sat with their arms clasped so tightly that they never could be parted. "Now are



"I can say 'mama' and 'papa,'" came shyly from a pretty little doll in a pink bonnet.

"Then you are the one," answered the rubber doll. "I myself never had any education," he added, sighing.

Soon all the books could tell their stories straight, and were piled neatly on the shelf. The ninepins marched in good order on one

you all fixed?" asked the rubber doll. "All I want is to be put on my feet and out of the way of the tin fire-engine. That fireman would run over every toy in the play-house if he saw a burnt match on the carpet!"

He climbed on the shelf above, the toys settled comfortably down in their places, and the state of mind in the play-house was better.

JAPANESE ATHLETICS FOR AMERICAN BOYS.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

PART II.

It is to be hoped that the young reader who studied the first of these articles has sufficiently mastered not only the tricks that are defensive but also those that conduce to strength. When the Japanese are taught jiu-jitsu, they are required to devote much more time to the work intended to give strength than they are to the feats that protect.

One of the best of these defensive tricks might be called the "arm-pinch," and it is executed as follows: If you should be suddenly attacked, seize your adversary in such a way that the balls of the fingers press tightly against the muscles in the back of his upper arm, and the ball of the

thumb in the muscles in the front of his upper arm, midway between the elbow and the shoulder. Apply the pressure rather severely, until the opponent surrenders. This trick can be performed in the utmost spirit of friendliness, as no harm is done beyond the momentary sensation of pain followed by numbness. In addition to being harmless, this work is a genuine and rapid hardener of muscle.

From this we will pass to one of the Japanese athletic exercises which, if faithfully followed, will aid in muscular development. Stand back to back with your companion. Let him throw his arms backward over his head in such a way that you can seize his wrists with a firm grip. Now bend forward, a little way at first, barely

lifting him off his feet. By degrees, in successive lifts, bring him forward, but be careful that you do not throw your companion over your head. After a few times of trying this exercise you should be able to bring your hands forward on a level with the waist-line. But this extremity of the exercise should not be accomplished before trial for several days. This exercise is well-nigh equal in value to the "struggle" described in the preceding article; indeed, for some purposes of muscular improvement it is to be preferred to the "struggle." It should never be carried to a point where palpitation of the heart or too rapid breathing is caused. Then it becomes injurious.

An odd performance and one far more capable of producing muscle than would at first seem possible is the "shoulder-push." The two opponents stand side by side, facing in opposite directions, and with the shoulders pushing against each other. In the case of the right shoulders being in contact, clasp the hands and hold them to the left side, with the left foot pushed far out. The right feet of the two opponents should be a few inches apart, but care must be taken that nothing but the opposing shoulders touch. The bodies of both contestants should be kept apart. In this exercise only fair resistance should be employed, it being understood in advance which one is gradually to push the other across the floor. Next the victory should be slowly, reluctantly given to the other contestant. Two of these exercises with right shoulders opposing, and two with left shoulders opposing, will be found sufficient at first. During the weeks that follow, the number of exercises may be very gradually increased, but it would be a mistake to add more than one exercise for each shoulder per week. Hard breathing in work like this is a sure sign that the exercise is being carried too far. While the Japanese are among the strongest and most agile men in the world, they do not, in their jiu-jitsu training, attempt an excess of any exercise. All work is undertaken with the moderation which most surely builds up health and muscle.

Here is another valuable exercise: Stand facing your opponent, with feet as far apart as possible. Place hands on each other's shoulders.

Taking firm hold, let one contestant attempt to sway the other as far as he can, first to the right side and then to the left. The one thus attacked should resist as far as is in his power. A minute of this work should be followed by a two minutes' rest, and then the assailant and his victim should change places. Four of these one-minute bouts are enough for beginners. The number may be increased at the rate of two a week.

There is a very amusing little trick that was first discovered in a Japanese jiu-jitsu school. One of the contestants places his hand fairly on the top of his head, palm downward, while the other seizes the wrist with palm upward and thumb and fingers wrapped around the wrist. The one who seizes the wrist endeavors to push his opponent's hand upward from the top of the head. Where the two adversaries are nearly matched as to strength, it will be found impossible to force the hand upward from the head; but the exercise, besides showing a novel feature in athletics, does much to increase the muscles of the arms and wrists of each of the contestants.

Now comes a feat that should never be tried except where there is something very soft upon which to fall. It is the trick of throwing an opponent over one's head, and is best tried on a hay-mow. A double thickness of mattresses on the floor will render the performance about equally safe. The contestants, in their stocking feet, face each other. The assailant reaches out with both hands, seizing his victim by the coat lapels. In the same instant he should place his right foot diagonally across the victim's thigh, with the heel of the foot inward. (See page 353.) While holding his opponent in this position, the assailant should hop as close as he can to the victim, take the tightest hold on the lapels, and throw himself quickly over backward until he lies flat upon his back on the mattress. He will carry the victim over his head, and the latter will land upon his own back beyond. The movements of the one who is attacking must be executed with great rapidity—one, two, three, four!

But remember! This trick should *never* be attempted except on a mattress or a bed of hay, and both contestants must be in their stocking

feet. Otherwise—if tried on an asphalt pavement, frozen ground, or on a hard floor—the trick may be dangerous to both contestants, and especially to the one making the throw.

proficient, he spends three quarters of an hour on the floor, then an hour, and so on, by degrees, until he is able to give two hours a day to the work. Yet three quarters of his time, or nearly that amount, is spent in walking back and forth and in breathing.

Moderation in all athletic work is the surest password to physical success, and none know this better than the agile, wiry, all-enduring little men of Japan.

PART III.

If our young readers have carefully followed the instructions contained in the former article of this series, they will now be able to proceed with more advanced feats of self-defense and those that will produce strength. It will be a mistake for any young reader to attempt the physical work that is described in this article unless he has thoroughly practised the course laid out. It cannot be too well remembered that in Japanese jiu-jitsu each step must be followed in the order suggested. No feat of strength should be attempted until the preceding one has been thoroughly mastered.

Here is a bit of work that will strengthen the muscles involved. The two opponents may be designated as number one and number two. Number one should stand in front of number two, with his back to the latter, taking number two's right arm over his shoulder and seizing number two's right wrist in the encircling grasp of his own right hand. Number two should make the same kind of clasp around number one's left wrist with his own left hand, holding the latter's wrist at the side. When this position has been taken, let number one sway slowly around to the left, number two making just enough resistance as will not altogether prevent the twisting of both bodies.

After three exercises in this position, the two boys should change places and then again twist in the same fashion to the left. A breathing-spell should now follow. Then the original number one may again take position in front of



A TRICK OF SELF-DEFENSE.

Rightly performed, this is a splendid exercise, and cannot work any injury.

This most surprising feat of jiu-jitsu is excellent as well for bodily training as for defensive tactics. Assailant and victim change places in turn, and not more than three throws for each are advisable until the contestants have attained a high degree of muscular strength and endurance.

The Japanese use practically no gymnasium apparatus, yet they show greater excellence of strength and endurance than do any other people in the world. While some of their exercises may seem violent, they take them with great moderation. At the outset of a course in jiu-jitsu the student is rarely upon the floor more than half an hour, and three quarters of this time is devoted to walking and breathing between exercises. As the student becomes more

his adversary, but with the other's left arm drawn over his shoulder with the hand-encircling clasp and with his adversary's right hand encircling his right wrist at the side. The twist should now be to the right, and should be firmly enough resisted by number two as almost to prevent the success of the twist. After this numbers one and two may again change positions, but remember that whichever contestant is in front of the other should be allowed gradually to obtain the victory, though not without fair resistance on the part of number two.

A not uncommon trick of the footpad or city highwayman is suddenly to seize his victim by the throat. Here is a Japanese way of defeating this attack. Let a friend seize you by the throat by way of experiment—without, of course, taking so tight a hold as to choke you. Now study his position. You will note that his arms are extended in an almost horizontal position, and that they are nearly parallel. Both should keep this posture for a few moments, until the science of the attack has been studied. Now, while your assailant is still clutching at your throat, clasp your own hands in front of your waist. Jerk them to the left, then violently up and over the two arms that are extended to your throat. Carry your clenched hands over your assailant's extended arms, and throw his arms as far over as possible to your right. A very little practice in this trick will show one how easy it is to break the grip of any opponent who attempts to take the "throat-hold."

In applying this self-defense against the other man's throat-hold, always throw the clenched hands to your left, then upward and over to your right. Do not make the throw *from* the right unless it is unavoidable. The reason for making the throw to the right will be apparent after a very little thought and study. The arm that is nearer the opponent's resisting arm is the lever, of which your shoulder is the fulcrum. Thus, when the throw is from the left side, your right arm, which is the stronger, throws off the clutch of the opponent, while the left arm supplies only added pressure. Attempt throwing off from the right side, using

your left arm as the lever, and you will realize how much more difficult the feat is. A Japanese strives to develop the same amount of strength in both right and left arms, and when you have followed out all the suggestions herein given, you will find that the left arm is very nearly as strong as the right. Yet do not look for this condition at once.

In the Orient the left arm is generally found in a state of development equal or nearly so to that of the right arm. In the United States the left arm is rarely found to be more than half as strong as the right. This physical condition is a defect, and one that should be remedied. Let two opponents stand facing each other, each with his left side slightly advanced. Each should clasp left hands with the fingers interlaced and palms pressing. Let one of the young men move his hand as far over as pos-



A LIVELY TRICK. (SEE PAGE 351.)

sible to the left and then to the right. The pressure should be so well applied that the second young man is forced to bend over somewhat. Then the first young man should

apply the same pressures himself. This exercise will be found of great value in making the left arm equally strong with the right, but the work may be tried with right hands clasped in the same manner. At least three times as much work, however, should be performed with the left hands as with the right.

It is very necessary to possess sufficient development of the muscles of the legs. One of the best exercises looking to this end is accomplished as follows: Stand erect, with the feet spread apart and arms hanging limply at the sides. Bend downward to a squatting position, allowing the hands to touch the floor, if possible. The squatting position should be one in which the student as nearly as possible sits upon the heels, but head and trunk should be erect or

nearly horizontal as you can, performing this last movement slowly. Now slowly resume the hand-clasp, and, keeping the hands in this position, return gradually to a standing position. Three of these exercises are enough for the beginner, and in Japan the veteran of jiu-jitsu rarely performs more than ten of them.

There is another feat known to the Japanese that produces gradual but sure results in making the legs stronger. Two contestants, each in his stocking feet, seat themselves upon the floor, facing each other. The right foot of one is placed squarely against the left foot of the other. Then pressure is applied, and the feet are slowly, very slowly, raised, each contestant striving his best, during this gradual raising of the feet, to push the other on his back. Each contestant is privileged to secure all the support that may come from resting his hands on the floor at his side. Suppose the contestant who employs the right foot against the other's left secures the victory. The loser should then use his right foot against the recent victor's left. This exercise may be carried on, in alternation, for at least a dozen times. For the best development of both adversaries, it is to be advised that neither secure the victory every time. Should one be stronger than the other, the stronger should yield, though very gradually and reluctantly, to the weaker. The only result to be obtained is the gradual strengthening of the muscles of the legs for each.

Though a great many exercises have been described, it is not, of course, expected that all can be employed at any one time. The student himself should make a judicious choice of those that are to be used on each day. He should aim, within the limits of practicability, to employ in each day's exercise as many as possible that will develop various muscles all over the body along the lines already suggested. The Japanese were the first among physical culturists to believe that perfect development can be secured most rapidly by changing the set of exercises day by day.

A splendid exercise that may be employed, say once a week, is for one of the young ath-



BREAKING THE "THROAT-HOLD." (SEE PAGE 353.)

nearly so. When this position has been taken, bring the arms up horizontally forward, clasping the hands for a moment only. Next throw the arms as far backward as possible and as

letes to approach the other from behind, throwing his arms around the other's neck and seizing him lightly by the throat. The one so attacked must necessarily throw off the grip. The best way of doing this lies in employing the "wrist-pinch," which means pressing the ball of your thumb

friendliness by two boys of about equal strength, and, rightly done, will work no injury beyond a temporary pain. The point of self-defense is here found in the ability of the defender so to weaken the assailant's wrists as to render the grip at the throat ineffective.

There will be little advantage in any of these Japanese feats for producing strength if, at the outset, the two boys are not fairly well matched as to height, weight, and strength. Once the student of jiu-jitsu has reached a moderate degree of skill, he is safe in engaging with an opponent of greater size who has not given the work the same attention. Any young American who is satisfied with the idea of practising jiu-jitsu daily for a few months will find his endurance and muscular strength at least doubled. But no good can come from merely reading the foregoing descriptions or from gazing at the illustrations; a pair of chums must energetically go through the exercises themselves.

It cannot be too emphatically stated that none of these exercises should be carried to a point where the contestants find themselves obliged to breathe very fast. Any exercise that requires a minute or two of hard work should be followed by at least a minute or two of slow, deep, regular breathing.

The Japanese do not drink water immediately before engaging in exercise. Nor do they, unless it is absolutely necessary, drink any water while practising. But as soon as they have rested after the work, they drink at least a pint of cool—not cold—water. A pint of water is also taken on retiring and on rising, and throughout the day the masters of jiu-jitsu use water freely at all times except half an hour before or after a meal. At meal-times no beverage of any kind is used.

Whenever one finds that an exercise appears to benefit him, he is apt to use it to excess; he can learn much of the Japanese, who have made themselves the best athletes in the world by using all of their exercises with the utmost *patience* and in the greatest *moderation*.



BREAKING THE CLUTCH WITH THE "WRIST-PINCH."

across the front of your adversary's wrist, just back of the base of his hand. In seizing your opponent, your fingers should grasp the back of his wrists, and the pressure of the ball of your thumb against the inside of his wrist should instantly follow. Always use the ball or soft end of the finger, being careful not to dig with the nails. A little practice makes the student capable of seizing an adversary by both wrists, and by this pinch breaking any clutch at one's throat.

The secret of this pinch lies in the fact that two muscles will be found on the inside of the wrist across which the ball of the thumb can be moved in such a way as to produce pain that will be felt all the way up the arm. Once the location of the muscles is determined, the rest of this trick is easy, and it is an excellent means of defense, as we have shown; but, like the "arm-pinch," it can be performed with the utmost

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBOR'S WINTER SPORTS.

BY KATHARINE LOUISE SMITH.



THE time when Jack Frost reigns supreme means, in Canada, a continuous revel in a variety of winter sports. The air on a crisp winter night resounds with merry laughter, as men and women, boys and girls, start out for an evening's frolic. On snow they have the tobogganing, sleighing, snow-shoeing, and skeeing, while on ice there are curling, skating, and ice-boating. For years Canada has had her ice carnival, frequently

Some of our Northern cities have built ice palaces, but as yet they have not become a regular part of the winter festivities. The charm of the ice palace at night, when it is filled with a gay throng of men and women, is almost indescribable. On a carnival night the brightly costumed mass of living humanity passes in and out, the men and women dancing and promenading on skates as easily as though they were on a waxed ball-room floor.

And where can one find a happier gathering than at a "snow-shoe meet," where, dressed for a long tramp over the crisp snow, its devotees congregate in sociable groups before starting out? If a hurdle race is indulged in by the men, great excitement prevails; for to jump a hurdle, and not to trip or lose a shoe in the attempt, is a feat that calls for much daring and wins unbounded admiration. The laughing crowd of onlookers are as interested as the participants.

One of the most popular of Canadian winter sports is curling, which is said to have originated in Scotland. To the uninitiated the sight is that of four men sweeping the ice; but there is method in the game, and the curling-stones and tees are arranged carefully, for a scientific player is keen to take advantage of every ruling. The tees are placed thirty-eight yards apart; the players stand behind a tee, and the score is marked on the ice seven yards in front of each tee. Of course the game is to keep the stone within certain limits, a feat not easily accomplished.

Though curling is a very brisk and exciting winter sport, it is less general than tobogganing, which in Canada never seems to lose its prestige. This is partly attributed to the fine hills around Montreal, and the fact that the men and women know just how to dress for the sport. The exhilarating sensation of the first toboggan slide is something never to be forgotten. The Canadian toboggan is light and strong, and often has a hand-rail to enable the occupants to hold



CURLING.

with a great magnificent ice palace—its iridescent effects suggesting the Crystal Palace.

on. A "spill" is not to be desired, but is usually harmless, and always occasions great fun, Of course the familiar sports of sleighing, skating, hockey, and so forth are as popular in



A "SPILL" ON THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

From a photograph by Notman & Son.

especially to the successful tobogganists, who glide by with shouts of good-natured banter at the plight of their less fortunate brothers.

Canada as in other climes where snow and ice can be depended upon for a number of days or weeks at a time.



THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST-TABLE.

BY ISABEL GORDON CURTIS.

HIGH on the banks of the Hudson, near Cornwall, stands Cherrycroft, the home of Amelia E. Barr, the novelist. Around the stately house cluster a few forest trees, but between them, arching the driveways, tapping as if for admittance at the house windows, shadowing smooth lawns, and scattering May-time snow about a beautiful garden, stand a very grove of cherry-trees. They are fine old cherry-trees, with a wealth of fruit in June-time. Of course years and years ago the birds discovered that the mistress of Cherrycroft spread no nets over the laden trees; hung no traps in the branches; set no scarecrows about to flap their rags at invaders. She did not look upon the birds as invaders; she welcomed them as her guests.

Wherever Mrs. Barr lives, around her gather a host of bird friends. She finds her way to their hearts through their little appetites. Grain, corn, and hickory-nuts by the bushel are among the provisions laid in every fall wholly for bird provender. Every morning during the winter, breakfast is strewn for them under a certain tree, and long before the household is awake, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees are gathering there in eager anticipation of a hearty meal. They know it will be spread for them no matter how deep the snow that has to be shoveled or how icy the paths which lead to their breakfast-table.

Mrs. Barr has a daughter who for years

added to her duties the happy task of bird caterer. She tells a most interesting story of one memorable breakfast the birds at their country home had.

"We lived at Cornwall in 1888," she says, "but in a different house, quite a distance away from mother's present home. One morning in March we woke up to find ourselves snowed under in the great blizzard. We could look across a wide snow-drifted country, and see that what looked like great white mushrooms had taken the place of shrubs and low trees. The fences had disappeared. We knew neighbors were awake, because smoke curled from chimneys here and there through the valley; but small houses were nearly buried, and larger mansions looked dwarfed—half of each of them was under the snow. My mother's first cry was, 'Lily, the birds are all dead! I do not hear a note anywhere.' Our sturdy gardener rushed at the drifts with a big shovel and hearty good will. He loved the birds as well as we did. Presently through drifts ten feet high wandered a tiny path, straight to the tree where the birds' breakfast was always set. Out we hurried, laden with grain, corn, sunflower seed, and cracked hickory-nuts. 'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,' went mother's call from the snow-covered porch.

"Chick-a-dee-dee! chick-a-dee-dee! a shrill solitary answer came from the breakfast tree.

The snow fluttered down about my head from the laden branches, and straight to the breakfast-table hopped two chilled, starved, grateful little birds.

"'Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee!' went mother's call again over the still valley. The quiet was broken everywhere by the whirl of wings and the *chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee*, which meant, 'We 're coming.'

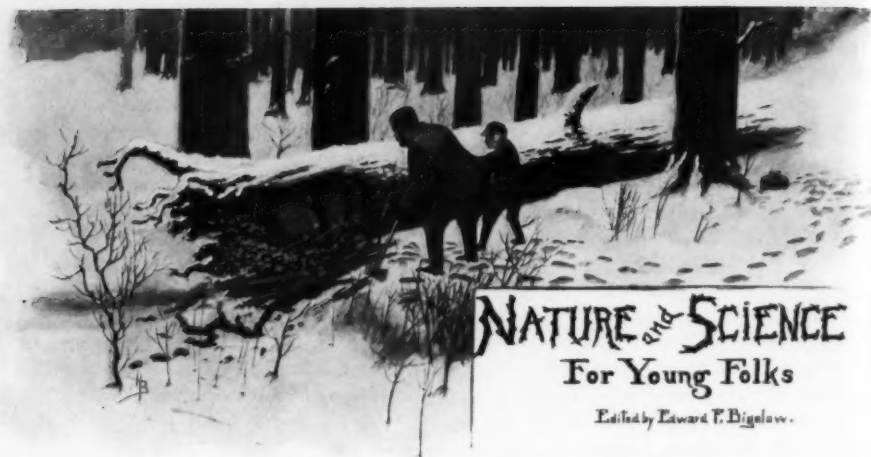
"That day and during the other days which followed before our little world was dug out, we did not worry about famine indoors, but the fear of famine outdoors began to appal us. The grain and corn were eaten up, and the whole household went to work cracking hickory-nuts. We spread the breakfast-table many times a day, but still our guests came. We marveled that the Hudson valley held so many birds. Friends came who, we fancied, had gone south. Miles and miles away, they had heard by the strange telegraphy of bird language the news of a table set in the heart of a snow-buried world. We gave greetings not only to our every-day guests, the sparrows, snowbirds, and chickadees, but to hoarse-voiced crows, to robins and blue-birds who had come north unusually early, to screaming blue jays, red-winged blackbirds, nut-hatches, goldfinches, flickers, grackles, woodpeckers, and whole clouds of song-sparrows.

They stayed with us almost through the long, white days. Every morning our guests who had wandered away returned, with great wing flurries, at the familiar '*chick-a-dee-dee-dee*.' As the snow melted and spring came up the valley our breakfast company grew smaller day by day. Birds are no paupers; they did not come to us for food when they could find it elsewhere.

"The next fall we moved to Cherrycroft. We were loath to leave our birds. 'We never will be able to gather such a flock around us,' said mother, 'as we had in the old home. Then, too, we will have to make new friendships; the old bird friends will never find us here.'

"On the first morning of winter in the new home we spread a breakfast-table for the birds about a tree near the house and we sent out the familiar call, '*chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee*.' From here and there came an answering chirp. While I stood scattering the grain and nuts, across the frosted garden came a whirl of wings, and right into my arms flew two chickadees, bright-eyed, soft-plumaged, quivering with friendship. They darted about my head, nestled among the nuts in my apron, all the time, with their happy little *chick-a-dee-dee*, trying to tell in bird language how glad they were to find me again presiding over the winter breakfast-table."





COMFORT IN COLD WEATHER.

"My stars! Tommy, is n't he a big one? Get out of this, quick!"

If the bear had n't been asleep, it would have been hard to tell which would have been

the most surprised—the bear, "Uncle Fred" (the woodchopper), or his son Tommy. The woodchopper had been passing through the woods with his son to a place where the woodsmen were at work, and he had struck the log with his ax, to see whether it was sound



THE RABBITS IN THEIR UNDERGROUND HOME.

What we should discover if we could suddenly cleave away the earth at one side of the burrow.

enough for timber or even for fire-wood. Finding it hollow, he had broken off one side, when, to his great surprise and that of Tommy, he had found a bear in the hollow log, in his hibernating sleep. But they did not stop to inquire what he was doing there.

After running for about half a mile, Tommy gasped: "Hold on, papa; I don't believe he would have hurt us, anyhow. I've read that they sleep in the winter; and I am sure he looked too comfortable and sleepy to harm even a mouse."

The woodsman agreed to this, yet thought it best not to go back and experiment, but said



RABBITS FROLICKING IN THE SNOW.

to his son: "Perhaps you're right; but then, he may set out in search of another place in which to finish his long winter nap, now that I have knocked the side off his bedroom."

Mother Nature is kind to her children.



THE BEAVER, LIKE OUR MORE COMMON MUSKRAT, LIVES IN A DOME-SHAPED HOME.

The beaver feeds on bark, twigs, and roots. Our artist has pictured his dome-shaped house, and the tunnel leading to it from below the surface of the water, as it would appear if one half were cut off to let us see the interior. As we would really see it in nature it would be merely a dome, as is shown by another beaver-hut in the distance, just in front of the row of evergreens.

Some she puts to bed and to sleep in the long winter; others are wide awake and as full of the enjoyment of life as in a bright day of spring or of summer. There is enjoyment in all seasons. It is merely a change of form.

The rabbits seem to be even more lively in winter than in summer. If we could watch them playing all sorts of frolicsome games in

bit's nest, as we did into the bear's? Our artist has imagined such a peep as it would be if we could pull off all the earth on one side of the burrow and of the tunnel leading to it, without disturbing the cozy occupants in their nest made of leaves and grass, and lined with fur pulled from the mother's breast for this last little family.

Then, too, the hardy beaver, in his thick ulster, does n't mind the cold air or freezing water. The front door of his house is under water, but his bedroom is high and dry above the water-line in his thick-walled lodge of mud and sticks. His bed is made of small twigs and shreds of soft willow bark. He can get a hearty meal of roots, bark, and little twigs any time he wishes to travel around for it.

Look there; see that squirrel just going into his hole up in that big tree? What a big, fat fellow he is! He must find plenty of nuts somewhere, even if it is cold. You would find his nest quite a distance down from that hole, and there would most likely be several other squirrels curled up snugly in a lot of dry leaves. Mice cuddle up in about the same way in a nest made of old rags, string, and cotton.



THE GRAY SQUIRREL.

In the coldest days he remains in his cozy nest of leaves in the tree-tops or in a hollow tree. In the warmest days he is out playing and seeking food.

the snow, we would regard them as far from being in a winter sleep. But they do sleep—not the long sleep of hibernation, but just as kittens sleep; except that the bed of the rabbits is down underground. To this cozy nest they go through a long tunnel-like entrance. In the nest, after hours of frolicking or seeking for food, they are safe and sound from the winter's fiercest biting wind or driving snows. Would n't you like to have a peep into a rab-

EFFECT OF COLD ON INSECTS AND SPIDERS.

THE severest cold has no terrors for insect life. It has been shown by experiments that insects may be artificially or naturally frozen, subjected, indeed, to very low temperatures, without killing or even injuring them. Eggs, larvæ, and pupæ, the stages in which most insects pass the winter, are perfectly immune to cold.

It is a common idea that cocoons of insects serve as a protection against cold, but this is entirely erroneous. They, like the summer webs of web-worms, are a protection against birds and insect parasites, but not against cold. The cocoons of summer broods are as stout and thick as those of the generations that pass the winter. Moths, butterflies, and other insects build stouter and more compact cocoons in tropical and torrid countries than they do in those climates where they are besieged by winter. There are many insects, allied to the builders of cocoons, that make no such covering, the pupa or the chrysalis being left

entirely exposed. And so little heat is maintained by the pupæ of insects that no matter how thick the cocoons, they are always too slight to repel freezing cold.

Certain degrees of frigidity seem to have vastly different effects on different species of insects. Gnats and midges dance in the winter sunshine; butterflies, *Vanessa*, *Grapta*, and sometimes *Colias*, skim over the snow; wasps and bees wind their way through the leafless woods; ground-beetles run quickly over the cold earth; crickets peep from beneath stones and rotting logs; while other species, the vast majority, in fact, are locked in the lethargy of hibernation. One of the commonest evidences of this hibernation is to be seen when fire-wood is carried into the house and placed near the warm stove. It takes only a short time to bring out a swarm of ants that were sleeping in beetle-borings, their common retreat.



THE YELLOW-LEGGED CARABID GROUND-BEETLE (*HARPA-
LUS*) UNDER THE SNOW-CRUST.

On almost any bright day in winter, if not too cold, in places where the sun has melted the snow, these little beetles may be seen running about under the edges of the snow in search of food. These beetles are carnivorous, killing other insects; and in warm weather they are very common, often seen under dead leaves and under stones and logs, and are frequently attracted by light at night.



PAPER-NEST WASPS AND BIG BLACK ANTS WINTERING WITHIN THE
VACATED BURROW OF A WOOD-BORING BEETLE LARVA.

Shown by splitting a tree. The wasps are the last to take refuge and the first to leave, the ants seldom coming out till spring. And never do the wasps encroach upon the ants, no doubt fearing the powerful jaws of those valiant warriors. But often the chisel bill of the wintering woodpecker demolishes these retreats, and the wasps and ants are devoured.

A naturalist once, after experiments in freezing insects and finding that those that had not laid their eggs nor completed their natural term of life always revived, finally cut off the head of a fly and quickly subjected the body to a low temperature. To all appearances, it died, as any decapitated fly would have done sooner or later; but upon bringing it to the warmth, the body, much to his surprise, revived and resumed its struggles, until it finally died from the effects of the knife. This shows to what extent the cold acts on insect tissues. They are simply coagulated, and life does not cease, but is only suspended; for when this coagulation or congestion ends, the vital energies resume their normal conditions. If, however, an insect has nearly completed its natural term of life, it will be killed by freezing; it would continue to live for only a short time under favorable conditions in any temperature. The life of most adult insects is at best exceedingly short.

This accounts for the fact that few insects of the late summer and early autumn survive the winter. They have rounded out their life and their life-work by the time the cold weather arrives. Yet there are exceptions to this. I once heard a katydid in the woods in April, and I have found the black-winged Carolina grasshopper along the roadsides in spring. It is not uncommon to see the giant dragon-fly, *Æschna*, floating about the fields in late March and early April; and I have been told that the harvest cicada is sometimes heard in the spring. These are all insects (individuals) that have been hatched very late. They changed into the imago stage late in the fall, and had

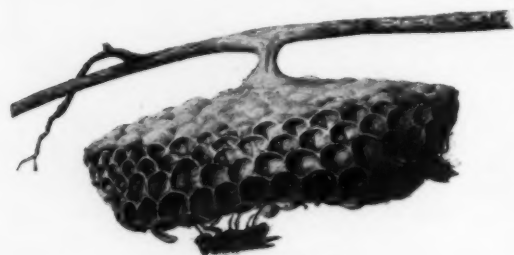
warmed hollow logs, where the fox and the weasel and the opossum find shelter, and where insectivorous birds, even winter wrens, seldom venture. Under the variations of temperature during the winter they freeze and thaw out again a dozen or more times between November and March. Leaf-beetles also find shelter in hollow logs and in houses, and sometimes in curled leaves. Grasshoppers and crickets, to escape the crushing ice and snow, get into mice-holes and hollow logs and limbs.

Many insects pass the winter in the egg. This is the case with the *Locustidae* (the true locusts), most grasshoppers, assassin-bugs, and many butterflies. The jumping-spiders, and the *Lycosidae* or ground-spiders, and certain of the orb-weavers, depend upon their well-protected egg masses to carry the species from one season to the next.

Certain larvæ and active pupæ, as well as some insects, pass the winter in underground burrows, as do turtles, snakes, and salamanders. For the most part, however, it is the pupal stage in which the majority of insects of all species endure the cold period of the year, the chrysalid cocoon state. Moths, butterflies, ants, bees, wasps, ichneumons, many beetles and flies make cocoons. Those that have active pupæ, as the bugs, plant-lice, dragon-flies, water-flies, etc., pass the winter in the egg or in the adult

stage, or, like the dragon-flies and their congeners, as aquatic larvæ and pupæ.

SAMUEL FRANCIS AARON.



FLIES' AND WASPS' NEST.

Flies going into winter quarters. The paper-nest wasps, like the paper-nest hornets, do not pass the winter in their own nests, but desert them for other shelter. Other insects, however, most commonly flies of the genera allied to *Musca* and *Tachina*, find these nests offer retreats safe at least from snow and ice, though the winter birds often examine them and make a meal on the flies. It is thus, the better to escape the birds, that the wasps and hornets, at a time when they are not in fighting condition, desert their nests during the winter. The wasps then, in this respect at least, are wiser than the flies.

not completed their life history before the cold put them to sleep.

Wasps winter under bark, in crevices of rock and wood, in cellars, outhouses, bird-boxes, and even in bird-nests. They feel the approaching cold, and seek shelter before nightfall. The sunshine of a warm winter's day tempts them forth to resume their suspended business of gathering wood-pulp or seeking food. It is the same with *Bombus*, the bumblebee, and with certain small green-bodied mining bees (*Andrenidae*) that bore holes in the ground.

Among the most interesting that have this custom are the ground-beetles, *Harpalus*. They are capering under the frozen but protecting snow-crust when we least expect it. Spiders winter in warm spring-houses, and in sun-

(W. S. Blatchley, in "Gleanings from Nature," states that even "in any Northern State as many as four hundred different kinds of insects in the winged or adult stage may be taken in winter by any one who knows where to search for them." This entomologist has published a list of 286 species of *Coleoptera*, 64 *Hemiptera* and 18 *Orthoptera* that he has taken in the winter. Insects survive an intensely cold winter better than a mild one. Warm days, especially with rain, encourage the growth of mold that attacks hibernating insects; they also encourage the activity of birds, shrews, moles, and field-mice that feed upon insects.)

"WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

BLOOD AS SEEN BY THE MICROSCOPE.

ROCKFORD, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about blood corpuscles as I saw them through my father's powerful microscope. When I saw them they were magnified eighty-nine times larger than they really were. Even then they were not larger than a pin-point. They were orange and had a distinct black line around the edge, and in the middle they were shaded the least little bit and were hollow. This is where they carry the oxygen from the lungs to the rest of the body. Some were all shriveled up when I saw them.

I am your loving reader,

KATHARINE TITCH (age 13).

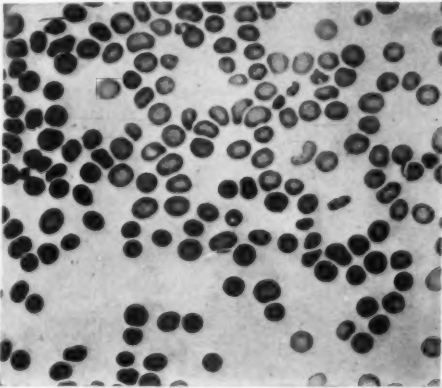


FIG. 1. HUMAN RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

Fig. 1 is a photograph of human red blood corpuscles four hundred times as large in diameter as the real corpuscles are.

Fig. 2 shows a frog's red corpuscles also four hundred times the diameter of the real corpuscles. There is in the frog's corpuscles a core different in composition from the outside part; it is blacker in the figure; this is called the nucleus. There is no such nucleus in the red corpuscles of your blood; but when you were very much smaller than you are now some of your corpuscles were also nucleated, and would have looked somewhat like the frog's, except that yours were round.

There were some other corpuscles in the blood which escaped your attention; when they are killed and stained they look like *a* in Fig. 3. They seem alive as they move on

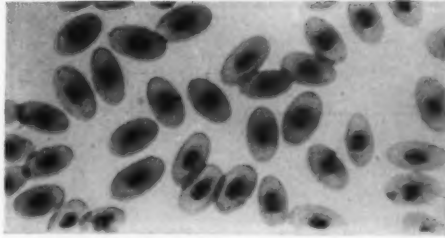


FIG. 2. FROG'S RED BLOOD.
(Magnified 400 diameters.)

their own account; they do not have to hurry on with the blood current; they can cling to the blood vessels while the red ones run by; they can even leave the blood vessels and travel through the body; they do not carry oxygen like the red ones, but they are very useful in other ways. When your finger is cut disease germs try to get in, and these white blood corpuscles gather at the wound and eat the disease germs up and so the cut heals. If a bone is broken, they hurry to the broken place and, ranging themselves between the broken ends, become bone in a little while and cement and hold the two ends together solid and fast. They are useful in the body somewhat as you may be about the house: they can do and seem anxious to do whatever needs to be done. If, for instance, any other part of the body that can get well of a hurt is damaged, the white corpuscles run to its assistance; they can become muscle and help the muscles as readily as they can become bone to help the bone.

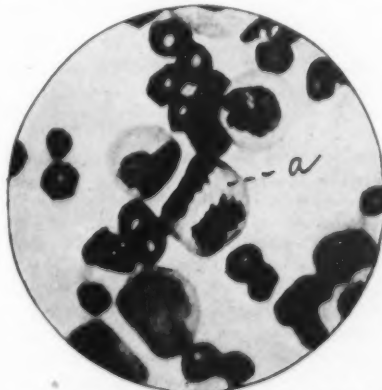


FIG. 3. WHITE CORPUSCLES OF HUMAN BLOOD.
(Magnified 1000 diameters.)

In Fig. 3 the nucleus of the white corpuscle *a* has divided, and if it had lived, very soon the corpuscles would have become two; the red ones do not divide in this way. This picture is so large it would take a million of the real corpuscles to cover it over. There are many things about these red and white corpuscles that the wisest men do not know. If you keep alive your interest in them you may one day find out some of these things and be very useful contributors to science. D. W. DENNIS.

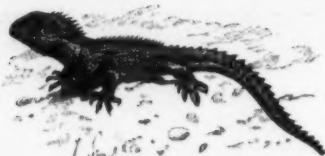
Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

The illustrations were photographed directly through a microscope by Professor Dennis.—EDITOR.

THE TUATERA.

ST. JOHNS WELSON, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to know about a tuatera which we have. I do not



THE TUATERA.
(Sometimes also called *hatteria*.)

think any ST. NICHOLAS reader has written about them before. They are a curious species of the lizard tribe, which exists only in New Zealand, and then only in some parts of that country, as Stevens Island in Cook Strait. We had one in a cage for a long time, but four years ago it escaped. Last week our gardener found it up the hill and brought it back to us; however, we are going to give it its liberty again soon.

An authority on tuateras says: "I once had two, many years ago, who appeared to live happily for a couple of months on the 'light of other days'; for they ate nothing—they sometimes would not move for a day or two."

The most curious thing about them is that they have helped explain the existence of a certain gland that we have in our heads. The tuatera has the same gland, only in a far more developed state; and this gland is "the nearest approach to a third or pineal eye of any known animal; in fact, the eye is fairly developed, but is hidden under the skin between the eyes they use for every-day use." Tuateras are of a brown color, with tiny white spots all over them, the spots being larger and whiter on the throat and stomach; they enjoy burrowing into the earth, also basking in the sun and catching flies. The word comes from *tua*, the back, and *tara*, a spine, that is, spiny-back, which I think is a

good name for them. The tuatera which we lost and then found was about fourteen inches long.

Ever your loving reader,

SYLVIA M. FELL (age 14).

WILD FLOWERS BLOOMING IN WINTER.

SHEFFIELD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In December, as I was walking in the woods, I found a little blue violet. One day not long since I found a dandelion, but it was too much withered to send. I also found a witch-hazel. Since reading the ST. NICHOLAS I have been looking for spring flowers while it is winter.

ROSS K. CONEWAY (age 9).

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My papa and brother were out in the woods December the 29th last year near a creek. The water and ground were frozen hard, and under some dry leaves they found some little green leaves and two violets in bloom. We all thought it was very interesting to see a flower in bloom the last of December, as it was fifteen degrees below zero at the time. I am a new reader, but I like you very much. I will be ten years old in two months.

Your faithful reader,

ADELE M. MURPHY.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS:

Tell me, ST. NICHOLAS, pray,
What fish in the nautilus shell doth stay,
And what does it eat when it's far away
Out on the billows from day to day?

We often go down to the beach with my auntie and sister Joan. One day we went to Mordialloc, a sea-side place near Melbourne, and after we had a bath and then a lunch on the beach, we went along the sand in search of shells and seaweed. Presently I saw some lovely seaweed, and ran on ahead to get it, when I saw such a lovely shell, which I picked up and showed to my Auntie Hope, who told me it was a nautilus shell, which is very rare in these parts, but she could not tell me what the fish was like which lived inside, as she had never seen one. I am going to ask my father to get me ST. NICHOLAS regularly, so I can see what you write about.

NINA BAGOT (age 12).

If you had cut open the shell you would have found that it was made up of a large number of chambers in a spiral row, smaller and smaller as you neared the center. The largest chamber at the opening was the one last occupied by the soft animal of the family known to scientists as a mollusk. Years be-

fore you found it, when the queer creature that lived in this fairylike home was a tiny baby mollusk down in the bed of the ocean, it built a plain little house of one room, just big enough for its small body. But the little baby ate and ate, and in a year or more it was too large for its house. So it built another and a larger house around and attached to the smaller one, and as it formed gradually moved into it. Then as time passed on another and a larger room was added and occupied. There was no going back to the small rooms, but, like a memory of the past, the animal kept them all connected by a slender tube away back to the tiny first house. As Dr. Holmes has told us in that beautiful poem, "The Chambered Nautilus," which all our young folks should read and reread,

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the
old no more.

Thus the shell was "chambered" from its tiny baby home to the largest room last occupied.



SHELL OF THE CHAMBERED, OR PEARLY, NAUTILUS.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ONE HALF OF A CHAMBERED NAUTILUS SHELL.

Each chamber is referred to in the poem as the "past year's dwelling." Each thin wall is referred to as "its idle door."

The nautilus part of the name means "sailor," from the resemblance of the shell to a boat, and from the error of those who first named it in supposing that the tentacles were webbed and put up like the sails of a ship. There is a similar popular error of belief regarding the "sailing" of the argonaut, whose thin shell (not chambered) has given it the name "paper-nautilus." This error, in fact, has been merged into a pretty fancy by various poets from time to time, so that there is a confusion as to which is fact and which is fancy.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets *feign*,
Sails the unshadowed main.

The pearly nautilus is a member of the family *Cephalopoda*, all of which feed upon a variety of forms of marine animal life; that is, the *Cephalopoda* are carnivorous, as the scientists would describe their diet. The shells of the paper-nautilus are common on the shores of warm seas, but the animals are much less familiar, because the occupant of the shell spends its life creeping or swimming along or near the bottom of the water, but at no great depth.

ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY—TOO OLD FOR DOLLS." BY ALICE JOSEPHINE GOSS, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

LINCOLN, THE HERO OF THE PEOPLE.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 16).

(Cash Prize.)

TEN thousand years the stars of heav'n have shone
upon the birth

Of heroes that have lived and fought, of heroes that
have died;

They were not called the sons of men, nor formed of
common earth,

But godlike kings and emperors, who perished in
their pride.

The centuries had come and gone, and ages passed
away,

Ere, in a new-found Western world, a lowly hero
rose—

A hero of the people, who was wrought of common clay,
Physician of their sorrows, and champion of their
woes.

And when rebellion's trumpet-blast was echoed through
the land,

And dread disaster spread her wings, destroying as
she flew,

The fortunes of a nation were intrusted to his hand,
The mighty hand of Lincoln, which would guide them
safely through.

"LETTERING." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

And after those five millions of his fellow-men
were given

The right to call their bodies, like their souls
divine, their *own*,

Death rendered unto heav'n above the soul that
was of heaven.

A hero of the world was dead—the land was
left alone.

Oh, was his death the harsh decree of cruel fate,
which willed

That he should die by treachery, a martyr of
the West?

Or was it Providence, who saw his destiny ful-
filled,

And, after years of toil and sorrow, sent him
to his rest?

Heroes and martyrs lived before him, when the
world was young;

Heroes and martyrs shall arise in th' ages
that will be.

But though their names should vanish from every
living tongue,

The name of *Lincoln* shall endure to all eter-
nity.

THE educational value of the League is begin-
ning to show. It so happens that there are four
cash prizes this month, and the winners of these
are all members who almost since the League's
beginning have been striving uncomplainingly and faith-
fully, rarely letting a contest go by. Their growth has
been gradual and sure, and their "graduation" is the
natural result of careful and persistent effort. The be-
ginning they have made will hardly stop here. They
will go on, each in his or her own especial line of work;
and with the same perseverance that has brought to
them their success now, they will soon be winning the
larger prizes which the world has to offer.

Nor are these four the only ones to be congratulated.
There are other contributors to this number who are
traveling the same upward way, and even among those
on the roll of honor there are many names of boys
and girls who are persistently working and mean to win.

The chief educational value of the League lies in the
comparative excellence shown in the different members'
work. They see how one another are progressing. Each
notes the merits of the work of others and the defects
of his own. Nothing in educational advancement is of
more assistance than just this thing which the League
gives. The prizes are only a little stimulus to make
the winning seem real and tangible, and the wearing a
gratification—something to expect, to cherish, and to
remember. The editor of the League wishes to con-
gratulate every member represented this month in the
League pages (including those on the roll of honor), on
the continued and unusual excellence of their contribu-
tions.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 50.

In making awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Sidonia Deutsch** (age 16), 231 E. 122d St., New York City.

Gold badge, **Marguerite Eugénie Stephens** (age 14), 1311 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Silver badges, **Nannie C. Barr** (age 13), 319 Franklin St., Keokuk, Ia., and **Shirley Willis** (age 15), 3723 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Prose. Cash prize, **Ellen Dunwoody** (age 17), 1522 31st St., Georgetown, D. C.

Gold badges, **Benjamin Greenwald** (age 16), 61 Sheriff St., New York City, and **Elsa Clark** (age 9), 24 St. Mary's St., Southampton, England.

Silver badges, **Thomas H. De Cator** (age 15), 302 N. Warren St., Trenton, N. J., and **Gladys**

Hodson (age 14), 1963 Carroll St., Merriam Park, Minn.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Alice Josephine Goss** (age 16), 925 Moss Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Gold badges, **Margaret A. Dobson** (age 15), 2218

Oak St., Baltimore, Md., and **Henry C. Hutchins** (age 14), 166 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Silver badges, **W. E. Huntley** (age 15), 263 Verona Ave., Newark, N. J., **Alice Delano** (age 12), 41



"SUNLIGHT IN GERMANY." BY EDITH HOUSTON, AGE 14. (CASH PRIZE.)

Washington St., Newton, Mass., and **Alan Adams** (age 11), Red House, Stockfield, England.

Photography. Cash prize, **Edith Houston** (age 14), Chestnut Hill, Pa.

Gold badges, **Olive A. Granger** (age 13), Upland, Cal., and **Maria Adelaide Arpesani** (age 15), Via Omenini, No. 1, Milan, Italy.

Silver badges, **Madge Pulsford** (age 13), Hotel Del Prado, Chicago, Ill., and **Harry Lefebvre** (age 13), 84 W. Main St., Wauwatosa, Wis.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography.

First prize, "Fox," by **Lawrence Palmer** (age 15), 10 Prospect St., Cortland, New York. Second prize, "Gulls," by **Hanna D. Monaghan** (age 14), Swarthmore, Pa. Third prize, "Spider-crab," by **Richard Murdoch** (age 13), 38 Whitney St., Roxbury, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Douglas Todd** (age 15), Plainview, Tex., and **Harvey Deschere** (age 15), 334 W. 58th St., New York City.

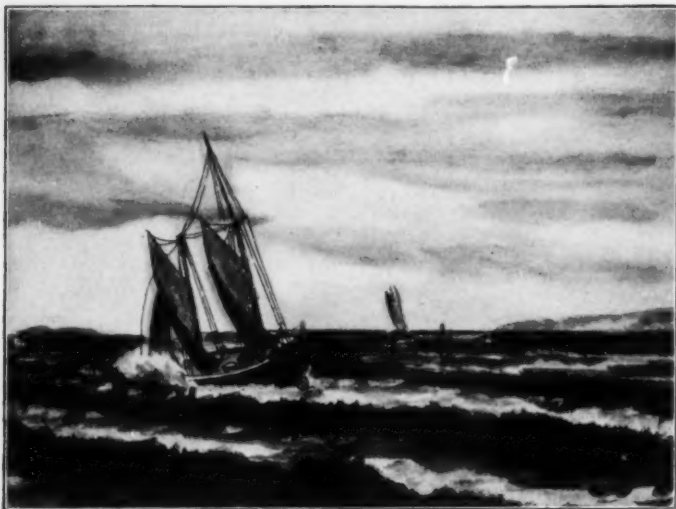
Silver badges, **Agnes Howe** (age 14), Long Green, Md., and **Helen F. Carter** (age 13), Burlington, N. J.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Paul R. Deschere** (age 13), 334 W. 58th St., New York City, and **Charles Almy, Jr.** (age 15), 147 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Clifton** (age 15), 3218 Mount Vernon St., West Philadelphia, Pa., and **Josephine Theresa Stiven** (age 12), 67 W. 92d St., N. Y. City.



"SUNLIGHT." BY OLIVE A. GRANGER, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY HENRY C. HUTCHINS, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE DERIVATION OF A WORD.

(Cash Prize.)

BY ELLEN DUNWOODY (AGE 17).

It has been said by some eminent scholar that one could read a nation's history in its language. That such is the case even we apprentices of the art can see by taking, for example, the period of Roman supremacy. If we notice its effects on the customs and language of the conquered people, we can see how the impression has been preserved, especially in the French, Spanish, and Italian tongues.

But if we take a single word and, thanks to the many students who have spent their lives in such work, trace it back to its very root, we should feel more strongly not only the spiritual but the actual brotherhood of man.

Take, for example, the word "mother," one of the oldest and dearest in our language.

In the golden time of almost prehistoric ages, when there were comparatively few people on this world of ours, the little child of northwestern India, as he played around his mother's knee like the little ones of to-day, called her "Mata," which was the ancient Sanskrit form of our Anglo-Saxon noun.

When the child grew older and came to man's estate, his ambitions, such as they were, reached out beyond the home-land, that was becoming overcrowded; so he, with others of his race, the first of many thousands, pushed out toward the western lands.

Through years of sunshine and shadow he and

his kinsmen wandered from place to place across the continents. After many centuries, his descendants found an abiding-place in central Europe, where they formed the nucleus of the nations of to-day.

This long period of separation had its effect on the language of the wanderers, which can be seen in this one word. After it had passed through many changes, we find that the Latins used "Mater"; the northern nations "Moder," with its countless variations. From these last come our form, for when the Saxons conquered England they brought their own language and customs into their new home.

From that time to this the word is easily traced through the medieval forms into the modern "Mother."

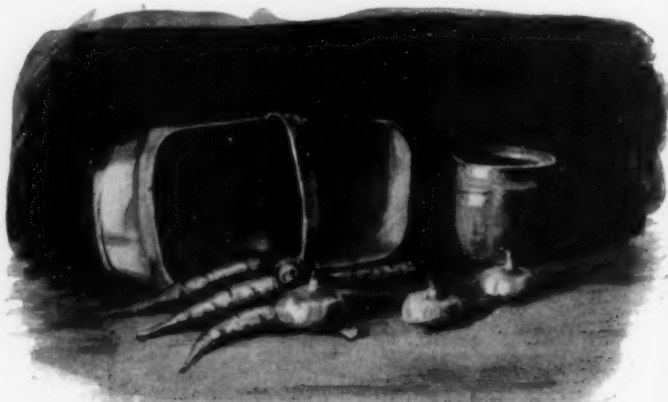
Thus the word has traveled down the ages, bringing with it the essence of that love which has been since time began the highest and noblest in human nature.

LINCOLN.

BY MARGUERITE EUGÉNIE STEPHENS (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

OUT of the mountain wilderness he came,
Uncouth, obscure was he, a second John,
Herald of truth and freedom. Like a star
Ever before him one fixed purpose burned,
That God's free country should in truth be free,
A lasting monument to liberty.
For nature, in the forests ever near,
Whispered to him her logic and her truth.
Oft, at his solitary toil, the souls
Of enslaved multitudes cried unto him,



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY MARGARET A. DOBSON, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

Of him beseeching aid, deliverance,
And he his life devoted to the task.
Then when his struggles were with vict'ry
crowned,
And he made leader by his fellow-men,
To his convictions held he ever strong;
No strife could shake nor policy corrupt.
Though men be honest with their fellow-men,
Lincoln was honest with his soul and God;
And when his work was finished, and the hour
To leave the scenes of earthly triumph came,
God gave to him the crown of martyrdom.
All nations mourned, revered, and honored him.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ELSA CLARK (AGE 9).

(Gold Badge.)

THE word "cabal" means a small number of persons who agree to come together at certain fixed times, to talk over some secret plot for their own good or for that of

When all the living world thy praises sang,
When vale and plain and mount, applauding, rang,
Wert thou not happy? Yet a sadness lies
Far down within the depths of those dark eyes;
In crowded hall, amid the bustling throng,
Didst thou not for thy vanished boyhood long?

When, a Titanic fire, war's lurid glow
Lit all the land the nation to o'erthrow,
Thine was the master mind that quelled the strife,
Thine was the hand that saved thy country's life.
Though countless ages come and hold their sway,
In hearts of men thy name shall ne'er decay.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENJAMIN GREENWALD (AGE 16).

(Gold Badge.)

ONE of the numerous words which present an interesting evolution is the word "post." Originally a post was something "posited," or placed firmly in the ground, such as an upright piece of



"STUART'S WASHINGTON."

some party to which they belong. It is usually something wrong, but not always. The origin of this word dates back to 1667, when wicked King Charles II of England unjustly banished his chief minister, Clarendon, and formed a council of five lords, Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and Lauderdale. These gentlemen decided everything the king wished them to, but so secretly that not even the Parliament knew. The initials of the names of these gentlemen form the word "cabal," by which name this small party was known.

NOTICE.

League members should not fail to take part in Chapter Competition No. 3. See page 379.

TO A PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN.

(A Reverie.)

BY NANNIE C. BARR (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

MEN called it wonderful for thee to rise
From nature's forests, under nature's skies.
Nay; marvel not, mankind, that heroes spring
From where immortal forest anthems ring.
Didst thou regret the lessons nature taught
So long ago—the gifts she gave, unsought?

BY M. C. KINNEY, AGE 16.

wood or stone; such meaning still remains in the cases of a lamp-post, a gate-post, and so on. As a post would often be used to mark a fixed spot on the ground, as in a mile-post, it came to mean the fixed or appointed place where the post was placed, as in a military post.

The fixed places where horses were kept in readiness to facilitate rapid traveling during the times of the Roman Empire were thus called posts, and thence the whole system of arrangement for the conveyance of persons or news came to be called "the posts."

The name has retained to the present day an exactly similar meaning in most parts of Europe, and we still use it in post-chaise, post-boy, and so forth.

The meaning most closely associated with the word at present is the system of post conveyance for letters, organized all over the world; therefore such expressions have arisen as post-office, postage, postman, etc.

Curiously enough, we now have iron letterposts, in which the word "post" is restored exactly to its original meaning.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY SHIRLEY WILLIS (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

OUR Lincoln was a man who did not claim
To come of noble birth or high estate;
His parents were unknown to wealth or fame,
Yet he was born to rule a nation great.



"FOX." BY LAWRENCE PALMER, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

He sought no title but an honest name,
Was faithful in each duty great or small,
Strove not to win men's praise nor feared their blame,
But did what he deemed right and just toward all.

He brought the shattered Union back to life;
He safely led through gloomy days of war
A country torn and wrecked by civil strife,
And joined the parted hands and hearts once more.

Though Lincoln perished by a traitor's hand,
His sacred memory can never die.
His honored name, revered in ev'ry land,
Grows dearer as the fleeting years roll by.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY GLADYS HODSON (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

AGES ago, on Mount Olympus, Jupiter, the king of gods and men, and his wife, Juno, quarreled. I do not know what they quarreled about, but Jupiter became very angry. He took Juno out of heaven and fastened her between earth and sky.

There she hung till night, when her son Vulcan released her. When Jupiter found this out, he threw Vulcan out of heaven.



"SPIDER-CRAB." BY RICHARD MURDOCK, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Vulcan fell all day, and just before night he landed on the island of Lemnos.

This fall made Vulcan very lame for the rest of his life, and he disliked heaven because of this.

As he was the god of fire, he set up forges in various mountains, where he forged thunderbolts for the gods.

One of these forges was supposed to be in Mt. Etna.

Whenever an eruption of this mountain took place the Romans believed that Vulcan was at work.

Thus mountains which ejected lava and rocks were called by the Romans "vulcanus," after Vulcan.

The Italians introduced the word into their language, but they changed the form slightly, calling it, as we do to-day, "volcano."

The Anglo-Saxons used the Italian form, and thus it was the word came down to us.



"GULLS." BY HANNA D. MONAGHAN, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY JESSIE LAMBERT (AGE 12).

I LOVE to sit thinking in silence
Of those of whom one often reads,
And always my thoughts turn to Lincoln,
And his many kind words and kind deeds.

How often he aided the needy,
And sacrificed day after day,
In order to send them some comforts,
Though he never expected repay.

He yet had a great deal of humor,
And jokes by him often were led;
Oh, kind-hearted Abraham Lincoln,
Forever your fame will be spread!

THE HISTORY OF A WORD.

BY THOMAS H. DE CATOR (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

MISS BLAKE, our teacher, had been giving one of her talks on "Success," and during the course of her remarks she spoke particularly on the theme of honesty and frankness. She had made her talk the more interesting by taking examples from the lives of great men who had achieved success through frankness in all their dealings. I was very much impressed with the subject, and on our way from the lecture-room the thought revolved in my mind, What is the meaning of this word "frankness," and where did it originate? So, being aroused to the question, I decided to look it up. I turned to the dictionary, and found many things pertaining to this much-used word.

I learned that the Franks were a powerful German tribe which, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, overthrew the Roman power in Gaul and took possession, founding the Frankish monarchy, and gave origin to the name France. The Franks were then the ruling people, and were honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans, among whom they established themselves, by their independence, their love of freedom, and their scorn of lies.

They had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "Frank," which may have originally indicated merely a national, came to involve a moral distinction as well; and the word "frank" was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high



"SUNSHINE." BY MARIA ADELAIDE ARPESANI, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

moral qualities. And thus in men's daily talk, when they speak of a person being "frank," or when they use the word "franchise" to express civil liberties and immunities, their language is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historical changes.

Thus, you see, is the history of that little word which signifies one of man's strongest and most beautiful characteristics.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 11).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

A MAN who for his country strove
When o'er her hung a threatening cloud;
Who fought his way for truth and right,
And rose above the struggling crowd.

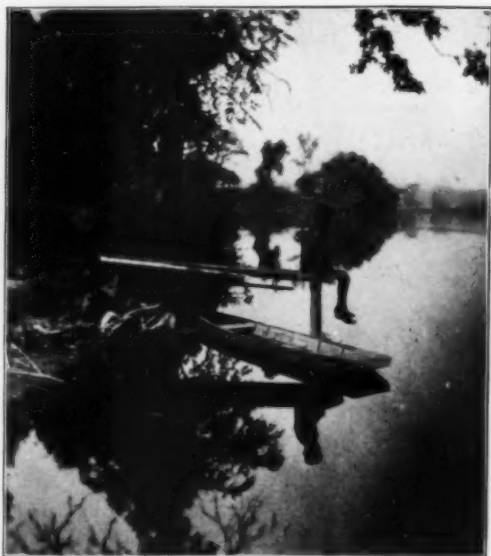
He set the helpless captives free,
Oppressed by slavery's mighty hand,
And died at last a hero's death,
Mourned by brave men throughout the land.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ANNIE EALES (AGE 16).

THE name "peony" is doubly interesting; first, because of its wonderful mythical, divine origin, and, secondly, because it is the earliest flower known to Greek literature and an important one in the art of healing, for it is considered by Pliny as the earliest known medical plant.

The classical name *paëony* was used by the Greeks, who are said to have named the plant in honor of Pæon (properly Paieôn), a celebrated physician who cured the wounds which the gods received during the Trojan war. From him doctors are sometimes called *paëoni*, and healing-plants *Paonia herbia*. This Pæon, ancient god of healing, was Apollo, whom Homer calls the physician of



"SUNSHINE." BY HARRY LEFEBBER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

the Olympian gods, who provided also for the growth of healing-plants, and he speaks of him in the fifth book of the *Iliad*.

While Apollo was the stayer and averter of evils in the widest sense of the word, he proved his power most especially in the time of sickness. For being the god of the hot season and the sender of most epidemics sweeping man away with his unerring shafts, he



"SUNSHINE." BY MADGE FULSFORD, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

could also lend the strongest aid, so that he was worshipped as the chief god of healing.

As a preventer of epidemics mainly, but also preventer of other evils, the pæan, hymn of thanksgiving, was sung in his honor. The same pæan became afterward associated with battles and victory, traditionally because it was the song of triumph of Apollo for victory over the Python which afterward came to be the same thing, if the Python symbolized deadly diseases, and hence was sung either before or after battles and victories, asking Apollo's aid or giving thanks for his divine services. In later times pæans were sung, and are still sung, in honor of man.

It is curious to note that the original meaning of the word still clings to it, for even to this day Sussex mothers put necklaces of beads from the peony-root around their children's necks to prevent sickness and help them in teething.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY VIVIENNE KRANICH
(AGE 9).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was
just and true,
Kind and generous, and
gentle, too;
He freed the slaves who
were in a fix,
And died at the age of fifty-
six.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN,

APRIL, 1865.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

'T is twilight; shadows darker grow,
The moonbeams steal through depths of light,
Fall silently, and thus the night
Envelops all the world below,
While darkness wavers to and fro.

But hush! within a darkened room—
Unconscious of the words we say—
Lies one o'er whom we weep and pray:
Without, a night of deep'ning gloom;
Within, the silence of the tomb.

In vain is skill—the end we dread;
When morning comes and brings the day
His life is ebbing fast away,
And soon throughout the land is spread
The tidings that our chief is dead!

Deep sorrow reigns; a bright spring day
Is dawning on a nation's woe;
The saddest April—does it know
Our pain and anguish when a bell
Is tolling Lincoln's funeral knell?

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY BENNIE HASSELMAN (AGE 9).

THE word "bankrupt" comes from *banca rota*, which means "broken bench."

In the old Greek days the people used to sit outside, each with a large table before him, which was like the old European market-places.

The top of these tables was a large marble slab, with some kind of stone or marble legs.

On these tables they kept different kinds of articles for sale and in that way earned their living.

If it happened that one man could not pay his debts, another man would come along with a large club or a hammer, and with this he would break the man's table, and then all the people would say that man was *banca rota*, from which we now get bankrupt.

A man is bankrupt when he is unable to pay his debts. Such a man is also called insolvent.



"SUNSHINE." BY FREDA MESSERVY, AGE 12.

YOU AND I WILL SAIL.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 17).

OVER the spray-blown ocean, dear,
 You and I will sail—
 Over the endless, endless blue,
 Leaving a buried trail.
 Into the land of the golden west,
 Unto the shores of the utmost blessed,
 Over the seas of the truest and best,
 You and I will sail.

Thence, with the sea-gulls strong and free,
 You and I will sail.
 Over the waves' eternity,
 Leaving a hidden trail.
 There where the sea-gulls build their nest,
 There where the dreams of our childhood
 rest,
 There where is ever the purest and best,
 You and I will sail.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY ROBERT E. ANDREWS (AGE 15).

LET us take the word "person" for our subject, because there is not another English noun so abstract, and, therefore, so interesting to study.

Of course the word is the Latin *persona*, which meant a mask.

Persona literally meant "through-sounder" in the Latin, for the object of the mask was to strengthen the voice, rather than to cover the faces of the actors by whom they were worn. *Personare*, to sound through, is given by many Latin grammarians as the root of the word, the vowel *o* being lengthened for euphony in the derivative.

At length, however, *persona* came to mean the wearer as well as the mask itself, a very important step in the development of the word.

As the wearer was usually an actor, the word came to mean an assumed character, from which our verb "to personate" is derived.

Soon another new meaning appeared, i.e., the real character of the man—but a step from the assumed one. Thus a man *magna persona* (literally "of great person") was some one of rank and importance, and this sense of it prevailed during the middle ages, and still exists, down to this day.

At last came the final meaning, born sometime in the middle ages, of what we call a person, an individual.

In the medieval writers, where this meaning was first used, it was written in masculine gender, and this masculine use continues to our day in the modern French, where, under certain circumstances, *personne* may be so used.



"SUNSHINE." BY CHARLOTTE SPENCE, AGE 9.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY CONSTANCE FULLER (AGE 16).

EVERY one is familiar with the little black pictures that we know as "silhouettes," but few of those who use the word know that they are named in ridicule of a French statesman, Étienne Silhouette. He had charge of the money matters of France at a time when the nation was very deep in debt, and to prevent bankruptcy he had to try from the first to be very economical in his policy. But economy is not one of the virtues of the

French, and they lost no time in making fun of him. They had their clothes cut in a fashion that took very little material, and called them *à la Silhouette*; and they introduced, in the place of delicate paintings, a cheap kind of portrait made by drawing around a person's shadow and filling in the outline with black, and this they called a "silhouette." At last they succeeded in making life so unendurable to the poor man that he gave up in despair. And now everything else about him is forgotten, and it is only in the joke of his opponents that we keep his name.

THE WINTER AND THE TREES.

BY ISABELLA McLAUGHLIN (AGE 12).

"GOOD-BY, little sister,"
 "Good-by, little brother,"

One cold autumn day
 Said the leaves to each other.

"The winter is coming,"

I heard them say.

"The days are cold
 And we must away."



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY THOMAS PORTER MILLER, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY W. E. HUNTLEY, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

APPLE-TIME.

BY KATE HUNTINGTON TIEMANN
(AGE 15).

(Omitted in October number.)

'T is apple-time, and in a tree
I sit and read and dream;
The leaves are green above my head,
The apples shining, rosy red;
How pleasant all things seem!
The wind blows softly through the trees,
White clouds float o'er the sky;
I hear the distant cow-bells ring,
The birds around me sweetly sing;
They seem to say, "Good-by!"

Soon I must leave this pleasant place,
This place so full of peace,

To my home go, and to my school,
To study hard, obey each rule,
And then my dreams must cease.

So, while I may, I dream and think
Of days the summer sent;
Their joys are past, but winter brings
So very many pleasant things
That I am quite content.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY ALICE DELANO, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 686. "Two Twentieth Century Maids." Flossie Hanawalt, President; Blanche Leeming, Secretary. Address, 231 Cedar St., Michigan City, Ind.

Would like chapter correspondents from thirteen to fifteen years of age.

No. 687. "St. Nicholas Bookshelf." Rachel Rhoades, President; Margaret Wing, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 231 W. 10th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 688. "The Butterflies." Lois Noel, President; Carrie Scott, Secretary. Address, 2319 Albion Place, St. Louis, Mo.

No. 689. Theresa Pickowalk, President; Erna Klinzing, Secretary; seven members. Address, 103 Hickory St., Rochester, N.Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

SCRANTON, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for the check you sent me. I am proud of it, not merely because of the "\$5" mark upon it, but because of its value in another sense; for it means that I have stood well in competition with others—an achievement that is always worth struggling for. The sight of my name in print is not only an encouragement, but also a spur to further interest in the League. Thanking you again, I am,
Yours very sincerely,
GRACE COOLIDGE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write to thank you for my beautiful silver badge. If you have ever tried for anything over two years, and just as you had almost despaired had gotten it, you know how glad it made me; and this morning came a cash prize of two dollars for my first efforts in an advertising competition, to add to my joy.

I think ST. NICHOLAS an excellent magazine. Every month I look forward with great expectation to its arrival, and I am never disappointed, for it is always the same—and yet different.

Thanking you again for the badge and cash prize, I remain,

Your interested reader,
MARGARET DOBSON.

STAUNTON, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight years old. You give me so much pleasure I want to tell you a true story of a fox hunt in Ireland, long ago, some of my people had. The hounds belonging to the Newry Hunt started a fox on Tamar. After a short chase Reynard disappeared, for he had mounted a turf stack and lay down flat on top. But one of the hounds spied him, and he jumped down and ran up a stone ditch, from which he sprang on a low cabin roof and mounted the chimney-top. There he stood as if viewing the setting sun. But a cunning old hound, having crept up on the roof, had almost seized the fox, when, lo! Reynard dropped down the chimney like a falling star. The dog looked wistfully down the dark opening, but dare not follow. While the disappointed hound was looking sorrowfully down the chimney, Reynard, all covered with soot, had fallen right into the lap of an old dame, who, with her children around her, was peacefully smoking her pipe. "Oh, gracious!" she cried, as she threw the blackened red beast from her in terror. Reynard grinned, growled, and showed his teeth in so scary a manner that the old woman and the children ran away. The hunters soon came in the cabin with their hounds and took the fox alive.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, JR.

NEWARK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just received my silver badge, and wish to thank you very sincerely for it. I think it is a beauty, and am wearing it with a great deal of pleasure. I hope I shall always keep it to remember the League by, and all the enjoyment it has given me.

When I found that my first poem did not even gain the honor roll, my face was very long, but I am ever so glad I did not give up then.

Whatever I may yet gain, I shall never forget the pleasure I have already had, nor my League badge.

Your devoted reader,
MARGUERITE STUART.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: If any good fairy should suddenly raise a magic wand before me and make known her power and willingness to grant me three wishes, I should hardly know what to say, so great and numerous are my desires; but certainly, ever since I joined the League, nearly two years ago, it has been one of my greatest wishes to win a gold badge from the ST. NICHOLAS Magazine, and now, at last, a certain kind fairy has granted me this wish, and has given me not only the gold badge, but great encouragement also.

At first the work of the other League members only made me try harder, and I often wrote little verses on the given subjects, but chiefly to amuse myself. When I did send a poem to the League for the first time, it was printed, and after that I often sent contributions. But as they were not accepted, I became almost completely discouraged, and for a time broke the resolution I made on New Year's day to "send something to St. Nick every month."

However, when I read that the subject for June was to be "Roses," a favorite subject of mine, I found the inspiration I wanted, and, in the "silent watches of the night," an idea flashed into my mind from the wild eyes of my Pegasus, and I made some verses just for myself. Well, when they were finished I sent them to you, ST. NICHOLAS, and dared to hope.

Oh, how I cried when I found that I had won the gold badge. But be assured, dear ST. NICHOLAS, that they were tears of joy. The prize is beautiful and it means a great deal to me. It will help me to try harder still in the future, and I shall remain ever,

Your friend, HILDA VAN EMSTER (age 16).

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for my silver badge. It was such a surprise to win it, especially for that particular thing which seemed to me so easy to do. When father heard that I had it, he told me that I was a "silver banger," and must keep away from all dachshunds.

In the Books and Reading department you asked what books are nice for very little children, and I have a lovely Sunday book that my American aunt gave me. It is called the "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," by Abbie Farwell Brown, published by Longmans, Green & Co., London. Mother says it is sometimes quite hard to know about nice Sunday books, and this one is delightful and not expensive.

I never had a brother or sister "A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." or even a playmate, but now I am going for a lovely holiday at Hastings, where there are five boys to play with.

Good-by for the present, but I mean you to go, too, for I want to introduce you to the boys. Thanking you again for my beautiful badge, I remain,

Yours gratefully, ELSA CLARK.

DORF KREUTH, OBERBAYERN, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you would like to hear from a German girl who reads your lovely magazine with as much interest as your American children.

I was very much pleased by the long German word and the article "Child Life in Germany." But I must tell you the author was not quite right in saying there were no German magazines for children. I know many. There is "Kinderfreund," "Jugendblätter," "Jugendgarten," "Jugendzeitung," "Das Kränzchen," "Der Gute Kamerad," and others. I think the League is splendid, and I am so sorry I cannot compete, for I only get the numbers a month after they are published. Shall I send you a picture of



"FEBRUARY." BY PHILIP SOMERS, AGE 6.

Princess Viktoria Luise, the daughter of the Emperor, and her six brothers? Now I am thirteen years old. When I was very young I lived in Washington for two years; that is why I am so interested in America. Hoping to see this printed, I am,

Your German friend, CAROLA VON THIELMANN.

NOTE. We hope Miss Thielmann will send the picture of the Emperor's children referred to in her letter.—EDITOR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: I want to thank you for the beautiful badge which I received last week.

When I first worked for the League I felt sure my work would

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"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY ALAN ADAMS, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

never win recognition, for it seemed to me to be so poor. The badge was a complete surprise, and delighted and encouraged me very much. Thanking you again, I am,

Your friend, HELEN A. FLECK.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Thank you so much for the gold badge.

It arrived a few days ago and I was simply delighted with it. Since its arrival it has been generally admired.

I have only one objection to it, and that is that it is so American. Now if there were a lion instead of the eagle, or a Union Jack instead of the Stars and Stripes, I would feel blissfully happy. As it is, I have an uncomfortable feeling of disloyalty whenever I catch sight of it (which is n't often, as I wear it just under my chin). I suppose the ST. NICHOLAS is an American magazine. (Of course it is n't exactly its fault, so I make allowances.) But, then, surely a good many of the Leaguers are English or Canadian. I think if I knew that

all those prize-winners who are not Americans put on their badges without a qualm of conscience I'd feel better.

With many thanks for the badge, which I wear proudly notwithstanding my doubts, I remain,

Your admiring reader, MARJORIE V. BETTS.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Blanche Deuel, Mary Yenla Westcott, Florence O'Rourke, Dorothy Hamilton, Margaret Abbott, Marjorie Holmes, Mary Weston Woodman, Phyllis Wanamaker, Marion I. Manley, Charles Dolsom, H. Mabel Sawyer, Helene I. Steer, Carl Dusenbury Matz, Mary Hendrickson, Albert R. Westcott, Dorothy Thayer, Eleanor Houston Hill, Melville C. Levey, Anna M. Ewing, Margaret Gibbs, and Katherine Lee.



"TOO OLD FOR THE LEAGUE." BY CHARLOTTE MORTON, AGE NEARLY 18.



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 16.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

Myr Weston Woodman
Nellie Foster Comegys
Margaret Denniston
Evelyn Benson
Azel Hendrickson
Marion Janowitz
Marguerite Janvrin
Ray Randall
May B. Flint
Dorothy Hutchins

Ruth L. Rowell
Marjorie Gabain
Elsa Hempl
Bert Hesly
Eunice McGilvra
Margaret Lantz
Daniell
Marguerite Jervis
Marion Wright
Alice Winifred Hinds
Evelyn Gordon
Roger K. Lane
Margaret Winthrop
Peck

Margery Bradshaw
Jessie C. Shaw
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret de Garmo
Jacqueline Overton
Delmar Gross Cooke
Helen A. Sage
Mildred C. Jones
Phoebe Wilkinson
Elizabeth Otis
Marguerite Borden
Marjorie V. Betts
Grace Adams
Helen M. Brown
Olive Mudie Cooke
Greta Bjorksten
William Holden
Gladya Nelson
Helen Merrill
Madeline Bunl
Anna Lou Alberger
Clara Goode
Katherine Dulcebella
Barbour
Ruth Adams
John W. Love
Lawrence Richardson
Robert H. Gibson
Isabella Howland

DRAWINGS 1.

Gertrude Folts
Elizabeth Lee
Blanche Hazel Leeming
Mary C. Tucker
Kathleen A. Burgess
Woodward Warrick
Delia Ellen Champlin
Wilkie Gilholm
Emily Rose Burt
Marie Wennerberg
Alice Sawyer

Willia Nelson
Celia Lewis
Eloise E. Garstin
Marjorie Heath Baine
Dorothy T. Andrews
Ruth G. De Pledge
Allen Frank Brewer
Leah Louise Stock
Tony Vaughan
Mary Klauder
Janet Buchanan
William Schrufer
Edgar Daniels
Dorothy Sherman
Lorraine Hendrickson
Mary P. Damon
Samuel Davis Otis
Rose T. Briggs
Helen Fleck
Melville Coleman
Levey
Elisabeth B. Warren
Edith Emerson
Meade Bolton
Edith Park
Muriel Constance
Evans
Charlotte Hartley
Draper
Katherine Maude
Merriam
Wm. Whitford
M. McKeon
Florence Mason
Elizabeth Stockton
M. Hazeline Fewsmith
Evelyn Messervy
Bessie White
Barbara Vandegrift

PROSE 1.

Mathilde M. Parklett
Mary Hendrickson
Helen Mabry Boucher
Baird
Jean N. Craigmile
Guinevere Hamilton
Norwood
Sarah Hall Gaither
Irene Weil
John Fry

Frances Paine
Dorothy G. Hamilton
Marian Huckins
Helen Buxby Smith
Walter Swindell Davis
Gertrude Havens
Joseph B. Mazzano
Frances E. Hays
Eleanor Hinton
Rita Colman
Jessie L. Shepard
Bessie Griffith
Augustus W. Aldrich

DRAWINGS 2.

Rollin L. Tilton
Gladya G. Young
Helen A. Scribner
Joseph W. McGurk
Henrietta Kyler Pease
Alice Esther Treat
Alice R. Young
William Preston
Edna B. Youngs
Frances S. Loney
Ruth Felt
Elizabeth A. Gest
Dorothy P. Taylor
Edward Toth
Edith Angelina Huff
Emily W. Browne
Ethel Reynolds
Dorothy Maguire
Esther Cooke Cowell
Aurelia Michener
Warde Wilkins
Isabel G. Howell
Dorothy Mulford
Riggs
Jacob Bacon
Leopold Cayard
Maude G. Barton
Isabel Reynolds
William F. Goodale
Katie Nina Miller
Anna L. Flichtner
Dorothy Adams
Maria Tilton Wend
Howard S. Zoll
Jane B. Sayre
Frederick Arnstein
Jane Walter
Raymond M. Morris
Muriel Lillie
Washington C. Huyler
Charlotte Stark
Anna N. Besbatur
Katharine Allen
Irene Ross Loughborough
Winifred Hutchings
Edith Palmer
Margaret C. Church

Catherine MacLaren
Waldo Waterman
Dorothy Hastings
James Parsons Gifford
Katherine Gibson
Hester Gibson
Grace Wardwell

Olin P. Greer
Lawrence Osgood
Macomber
L. J. McCormick
Elizabeth Deprez
Hugo K. Graf
Sidney D. Gamble
T. K. Whipple
Susan Clifton Wharton
Eleanor Park
Medora C. Addison
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Lina Gould
Gertrude M. Howland
Herbert Allan Boas
Marion Holles
Henry Ormsby Phillips
Rose C. Huff
Lillian Reynolds
T. Beach Platt
Marion K. Cobb

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Lawrence H. Riggs
John Hoar
Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr.
Samuel D. Robbins
Gladya Jackson
Laurence Day
Marie Russell
Gertrude V. Trumplett
J. Golde
Mildred R. Betts
Benjamin D. Hitz
Collier Baird
James L. Stoddard

Deb Fraser Crichton
Catherine Evans
Jos. Rogers Swindell
Caroline Dulles
William S. Carpenter
Christine Graham
Hannah P. Wright
Edwin Shoemaker
Rexford King
Floyd Godfrey
Emma Heinshheimer
James W. Young
Dorothea M. Dexter
Ada Harriet Case
C. Norvin Rinck
Emily L. Storer
Horace J. Simons
Florence R. T. Smith
Julia S. Howell
John Hancock Arnett
Jack Howard
Adelaide Gillis
Mildred Eastey
Katharine Pardee
Loring Carpenter
Eleanor Twining
J. Brooks Parker
Alice Fine
John Griffin Penny-packer
Frances W. Huston
Elsie Wormser
Amelia Dutcher
Robert C. Lee
Jean Wharton
Dorothy Wormser

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Margaret W. Mandell
E. Adelaide Hahn
Thurston Broun
Anna Marguerite
Neuburger
Margaret Abbott
William C. Keyser
Marion Jewett
Marjorie Holmes
Dorothy Wormser
Paul H. Smith
Margaret Griffith
Eleanor Marvin
Elizabeth Palmer
Loper
Harold Hirsch
Douglas S. Trowbridge
Madge Oakley

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Archibald Walker
Louis Bronson Le Duc
Helen Dean Fish
Lilian F. Boynton
Rachel Bailey
Charlie Jennings
Marie Copeland
Margaret Rucker
Minnie Schneider
Bessie I. Tappan
Helen H. Twitchell
Hugh W. Hubbard
Lucile Weber
Helen L. Jelliffe
Craig Ritchie Smith
Dorothy G. Thayer
Louis Stix Weiss
Archibald S. Macdonald
Kenneth F. Simpson

NOTES.

It has been suggested by a reader that all contributors of "Wild-Animal" photographs write a short letter telling just how and where the pictures were taken. This would be interesting, and would give other young photographers a hint how to go to work. The letters of the prize-winners, if good enough and not too long, will be published in the same issue with the pictures.

CHAPTER COMPETITION NO. 3.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League, the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that on or before March 25 of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, *fifty dollars' worth of books*, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, *twenty-five dollars' worth* of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, *fifteen dollars' worth*.

To the chapter ranking fourth, *ten dollars' worth*.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. —, —,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds—in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given, the St. Nicholas League will, upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid, the "Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, the property of the League for use, and must be returned care of when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before April 1, 1904. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it wins a prize or not, will benefit any good purpose to which it is applied. Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber of the magazine to belong to the League.

REGULAR COMPETITION NO. 53.

THE St. Nicholas League offers gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 53 will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Nest."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "My Favorite Episode in Mythology."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Bitter Cold."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "A Winter Study" and "A Heading or Tail-piece for May."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender.

If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square,
New York.



"A SKETCH FROM MEMORY." BY GLADYS L'E. MOORE, AGE 15.

FEBRUARY



"A TAIL-PIECE FOR FEBRUARY." BY BEATRIX BUEL, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN. OUT of the lists submitted by our painstaking readers, we shall make up a list that will be, we hope, a joy to those who love salt-air and sea stories. Bearing in mind the fact that the lists were meant for young readers, the best lists, all things considered, came from

DOROTHY CLEAVELAND, Canton, N. Y.,
CLAUDE H. WRIGHT, Newburyport, Mass.,
JULIA FORD FIEBEGER, West Point, N. Y.,

who therefore are the prize-winners according to the terms of the competition. Some competitors sent longer lists, but they were not made with so much discrimination, or were "one-sided," giving too much attention to books of a single class. We thank all those who sent in the names of books about the sea, and assure them that we appreciate their efforts.

We print the list sent by Miss Cleaveland, which is excellently chosen, and is lacking only in books of scientific interest; but since young readers are most likely to prefer stories, it will probably be the best to show our readers.

BOOKS ABOUT THE OCEAN.

The Odyssey	<i>Homer</i>
Adventures of Telemachus	<i>Fénelon</i>
The Æneid	<i>Virgil</i>
Robinson Crusoe	<i>Daniel Defoe</i>
Swiss Family Robinson	<i>Jean Rudolph Wyss</i>
Sea Tales:	
The Pilot	} <i>J. Fenimore Cooper</i>
Water Witch	
Red Rover	
Wing and Wing	
Two Admirals	
Westward Ho!	<i>Charles Kingsley</i>
Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck	<i>Jane Porter</i>
Mr. Midshipman Easy	<i>Captain Marryat</i>
Toilers of the Sea	<i>Victor Hugo</i>
Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea	<i>Jules Verne</i>
Two Years before the Mast	<i>R. H. Dana</i>
Treasure Island	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>
Kidnapped	<i>R. L. Stevenson</i>
Captains Courageous	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i>
The Buccaneers and Ma- rooners of America	<i>Edited by Howard Pyle</i>

Farthest North	<i>Fridtjof Nansen</i>
Cast Away in the Cold	<i>Isaac I. Hayes</i>
An Arctic Boat Journey	<i>Isaac I. Hayes</i>
A Sailor's Log	<i>Admiral R. D. Evans</i>
The Story of the American Sailor	<i>Elbridge S. Brooks</i>
The Cruise of the Cachalot	<i>Frank T. Bullen</i>
The Log of a Sea Waif	<i>Frank T. Bullen</i>
The Coral Island	<i>Robert Michael Ballantyne</i>
For the Freedom of the Sea	<i>Cyrus Townsend Brady</i>
The Grip of Honor (Story of Paul Jones and the American Revolution)	<i>Cyrus Townsend Brady</i>
Sailing Alone around the World	<i>Captain Joshua Slocum</i>
Around the World in the Yacht "Sunbeam"	<i>Mrs. Brassey</i>
The Adventures of Captain Horn	<i>Frank R. Stockton</i>
Cast up by the Sea	<i>Sir Samuel Baker</i>
The Spanish Galleon	<i>Charles Sumner Seeley</i>
Typee and Omoo	<i>Herman Melville</i>
Little Jarvis	<i>Molly Elliot Seawell</i>
Bare Rock; or, The Island of Pearls	<i>Henry Nash</i>
Midshipman Farragut	<i>James Barnes</i>
The Book of the Ocean	<i>Ernest Ingersoll</i>
What Dr. Darwin Saw in a Voyage around the World on the Ship "Beagle"	
The Reports of the United States Fish Commission	
Life and Voyages of Colum- bus	<i>Washington Irving</i>

A QUESTION OF ECONOMY. MR. HOWELLS has said wisely that books are our cheapest pleasures. He might also add that there is a possibility that they may cost us more than any other item of our expenditures. Harmful reading is mental poison, and for mental poison we pay dear all our lives. You may judge of a book by its effect upon your mind. The good one is like a breath of fresh air—stimulating, delightful, and giving joy. The bad book is just the reverse of this—it leaves you tired, provoked, and despondent. But there are many that do not fall into either class, being ordinary. Instead of reading the poorer ones, try the dictionary. You will find the dictionary, properly looked into, will ask you questions, and set you upon a healthful quest for

information. One of the most readable of the older and less known ones is Richardson's—which you can consult in the larger libraries. It is full of delightful quotations, and groups the words in an interesting way, so as to bring out relationships you might not otherwise recognize.

**A WAY TO HELP
BOOKS.**

WE all should be interested in the struggle for life among good books and their less worthy competitors. It is a battle in which each one of us can lend a hand on the right side. Books, so the publishers and booksellers tell us, are sold mainly because readers speak of them to one another. The moral is evident. We should never lose a chance to say a word for a good new book; and it is worth while even to write a letter or note to a friend for no other purpose than to recommend a worthy book to one who will help to keep it alive. The surest way to put the poorer books out of the way is to lend our aid to their enemies. Good literature is the most effective weapon against the other sort, and every boy and girl should be glad to strike a blow or speak a word—which is the same thing—on the right side. But use discretion. Do not try to make people read what is beyond them. Make the change a little easy. You cannot expect an ignorant little boy to go at one bound from "The Red-Whiskered Tyrant of the Seas" to "Lorna Doone." You must put steps between, so that he will learn that the silly books are not only foolish, but are stupid as well.

**AN ATLAS IN
READING.**

POSSIBLY there are some young readers who have not yet learned how much life is given to a book by tracing upon maps the action described in the story. Some may connect all use of an atlas with the idea of a "geography lesson," and therefore hesitate to open the book of maps during hours when school lessons are put aside. But it should be remembered that every boy or girl is expected to study geography simply because geography is so useful and so necessary and so interesting to us all in after life. It is hardly possible to understand a story based upon historical events without a good idea of where it takes place. Without a map, names of places carry little meaning to most of us.

Do you remember, in "Tom Brown at Ox-

ford," how Tom learned from Hardy to study history by sticking pins into maps and charts upon his wall? If you have forgotten the scene, it will be found worth reading again.

The atlas will be found a delightful help in the sea stories mentioned in the list printed this month. You will be able to follow Ulysses in his wanderings after the Trojan War, Robinson Crusoe in his several voyages, Amyas Leigh in "Westward Ho!" and especially Richard Dana in his "Two Years before the Mast" with a sense of reality impossible to attain in any other way.

Why, you cannot appreciate Paul Jones's exploits until you follow on the map his audacious little vessel right into the very jaws of the British Lion! Nor can you see what became of the Great Armada until you have gone around the British Isles in the wake of the battered galleons of Spain. Once follow out the cruises of the great discoverers on the map, and you will not soon forget their exploits. And please to remember that this advice is given here because it will help to make your reading *enjoyable*, rather than because of the knowledge you will gain.

Guide-books, too, will be found excellent helps in reading, for they can tell you details about even the smaller places.

**CONVALESCENTS'
BOOKS.**

IT is unfortunate that there should be such things as illnesses, but since there must be troubles of that nature, we should devote ourselves to making them easy to bear. There is a time during convalescence when the little patient can be a listener to good reading, and then arises the question, "What books are just the right mental diet for a little invalid who needs to be cheered and amused, but must not be excited or worried?" This is not an easy question to answer, and therefore deserves the attention of all of us. There are many to whom such information will be valuable, and so let us try to collect from your wisdom a good list of "convalescents' books." Who will send in the names of books suitable for the long days of "getting well"?

We shall be especially grateful to those who can recommend such books as have actually been found good by trial in the sick-room.

THE LETTER-BOX.

HELENA, MONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber, and I think ST. NICHOLAS is very nice. I like the competitions and the stories and articles that the different competitors write. I was received in the League sometime ago. I like to read the letters in the Letter-box.

Helena contains the Broadwater Natatorium, the largest bath under roof in the world.

Your affectionate reader,

MARION G. STEDMAN (League member, age 12).

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following verses were composed, entirely without assistance, by my little daughter, aged eleven. They describe an old lady sitting and musing before her portrait, taken when a bride.

Very truly,

JOSEPH PETTIT, M.D.

THE PICTURE.

BY DOROTHY ARLINE PETTIT (AGE 11).

THE flickering flame of the fire,
As it sheds its rosy light,
Softly touches a picture
Of a bride in snowy white.

The veil half covers the rosy cheek
That is now so wrinkled and thin,
And the hand in the picture showeth
What the wrinkled hand hath been.

The picture recalls sweet memories,
Memories of the past;
The years may come, and the years may go,
But the memories will last.

The flickering flame of the fire
Glowing on a head bent low:
Whether dreaming of past or future
Is not in my power to know.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought you would like to hear about a visit I made to a sheep-herder's camp.

One day when we were in Atlantic City, Wyoming, we were invited to go and see a sheep-wagon, and see how the sheep-men lived. The camp was situated on a hill, with a stream near by where the sheep can get water. Now I will describe the wagon. It had a canvas top, a pair of steps at the front, and four strong Rocky Mountain horses to pull it. The inside was fixed up with a little stove, shelves, and a pulling-out table (which was the dinner-table), two berths, two seats, a window in the back, and a door in front.

Under the wagon lay a collie dog; back of the wagon were blocks of salt for the sheep to lick. A scarecrow was set up to scare the wolves from the sheep. Off in the distance we saw the flocks of sheep down by the water.

This is the way the sheep-herders live and travel. As the weather gets colder they go higher up in the moun-

tains for the sheep to get grass. We had a nice dinner of roast mutton, canned tomatoes, beans, potatoes, and green peas. And then we returned home by way of the mines.

CHRISTINE MEMMINGER (age 15).

SACRAMENTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a native daughter of the Golden West. I live in the Sacramento Valley, where the flowers bloom all the year. There is never a time when we cannot go out and pluck flowers.

The weather here is never very cold; but don't think that all over California the climate is the same as this.

One year, as late as May, we all went up to Sisson, Siskiyou County, which is at the foot of Mount Shasta, and but a few miles from Oregon.

While we were there it snowed, and we had a lovely time making snowballs.

I went out riding with my uncle, who is a doctor, and was caught in a snow-storm with my summer hat on.

One day we all took our lunch to spend the day at Shasta Springs, which is about ten miles from Sisson. We took some sugar and some lemons, and made some lemonade out of Shasta water, which was grand.

It would take me a long while to tell you what all we did.

Some day I may write to you and tell about the Cliff House and the Children's Playground at the Golden Gate Park at San Francisco.

LAURA GUNN (age 9).

TAFTSVILLE, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have had you in our family three years and four months.

I am a little girl nine years of age, and I have a sister and a brother.

Our pets are a dog and a cat. We have a cow and two pigs, three horses, three roosters, and twenty hens.

I live on a large farm. My favorite stories are "A Race and a Rescue," "Josey and the Chipmunk," "Through Fairyland in a Hansom Cab," "Marjorie's School of Fiction," "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights," and "The Unlucky Parrot."

I like you very much and am impatient for the next number.

My sister and I go a mile and a half to school.

My brother attends the high school at Woodstock. I like the St. Nicholas League best.

We make a lot of maple syrup every year. How I wish you were here helping us eat sugar on the snow!

Your loving reader, ERMA L. MERRILL (age 9).

Interesting letters, which lack of space prevents our printing, have been received from Mary D. Edmunds, Helen C. Long, Sara Ballen, Nannie Edmunds, Esther Davis, Louise Bird, Mary C. Hurry, Theodore E. Sprague, Annette Bettelheim, Charlotte B. Williams, Lesley Pearson, Katharyn Arthur, Hugh McLennan, Henry L. Duggan, and Florence R. T. Smith.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

DIAGONAL. Macaulay. Cross-words: 1. Marigold. 2. Barnacle. 3. Document. 4. Strangle. 5. February. 6. Nicholas. 7. Motorman. 8. Salutory.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Hail. 2. Anna. 3. Inns. 4. Last. II. 1. Make. 2. Adit. 3. Kilt. 4. Eta. III. 1. Time. 2. Idol. 3. Moss. 4. Elsa. IV. 1. Fore. 2. Oval. 3. Rags. 4. Else. V. 1. Atom. 2. Time. 3. Omit. 4. Mete.

ADDITIONS. 1. Man-or. 2. Ten-or. 3. Bang-or. 4. May-or. 5. Mete-or. 6. Fast-or. 7. Clam-or. 8. Pall-or. 9. Tut-or. 10. Hum-or. 11. Mot-or. 12. Don-or.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Howard Pyle; finals, Howard Pyle. Cross-words: 1. Hitch. 2. Overdo. 3. Window. 4. Alpaca. 5. Retriever. 6. Deed. 7. Philip. 8. Yesterday. 9. Level. 10. Eagle.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Farragut; 3 to 4, Lawrence. Cross-words: 1. Fanciful. 2. Marginal. 3. Furrowed. 4. Scurrie. 5. Revealed. 6. Conjugal. 7. Scholium. 8. Eloquent.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, S; finals, Happy New Year.

Cross-words: 1. Shah. 2. Sara. 3. Slap. 4. Stop. 5. Stay. 6. Soon. 7. Shoe. 8. Show. 9. Slay. 10. Safe. 11. Sofa. 12. Scar.

CHARADE. Sham-rock.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Mistletoe, Charlotte. Cross-words: 1. Miniature. 2. Pirouette. 3. Distorted. 4. Stationer. 5. Catalogue. 6. Courteous. 7. Peasantry. 8. Chameleon. 9. Catharine.

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC. First row, Pickwick Papers; third row, Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Pacific. 2. Ichabod. 3. Chagrin. 4. Kirtles. 5. Willows. 6. Ireland. 7. Cassius. 8. Kidnaps. 9. Painter. 10. Archers. 11. Pokebag. 12. Evening. 13. Renewal. 14. Sisters.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG. From 2 to 1, James A. Garfield; 3 to 4, Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Data. 2. Lobe. 3. Ergo. 4. Iran. 5. Fish. 6. Road. 7. Amen. 8. Glad. 9. Acid. 10. Seen. 11. Each. 12. More. 13. Able. 14. Join.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Plot. 2. Love. 3. Oval. 4. Tell. II. 1. Dare. 2. Avon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. III. 1. Ogre. 2. Good. 3. Road. 4. Eddy.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul R. Deschere—"M. McG."—Mabel, George, and Henri—Osmond Kessler Fraenkel—Grace Haren—Joe Carliada—F. R. and L. M. Mead—M. W. J.—Mary B. Camp—Frances Hunter—Charles Almy, Jr.—James Alfred Lynd—Norton T. Horr—"Chuck"—Emilie C. Flagg—Katharine Van Dyck—"Aili and Adi"—"Jacqueline"—Josephine Theresa Stiven—Mildred D. Yennawine—Virginia Custer Canan—Carl B. Johannsen—Ethel B. Risip—Ernest Gregory—Ethel Wooster—Marion Farnsworth—Betty Brainerd—Frederick Greenwood—Nettie C. Barnwell—Eugenie Steiner—Ned Beatty—Harriet Marston—Marion Humble—Laura E. Jones—Dudley Cooke Smith—The Spencers—Dorothy Rutherford—"Johnny Bear"—Mary Burrough—Doris and Jean—Erl H. Ellis—"Teddy and Muvver"—Marion Thomas—Rosalie Aylett Sampson—Marion E. Senn—Bessie Garrison—Laurence T. Nutting—Lilian Sarah Burt—Marion Priestley Toulmen—George T. Colman—Hugh Cameron—Ruth Flower Stafford—Eunice Chandler—Eleanor Clifton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from M. P. Hastings, 1—L. Elsa Loeber, 3—C. E. Harris, 1—F. N. Bangs, 1—F. I. Miller, 1—Katherine Moore, 5—M. Horn, 3—G. Beekman, 1—J. E. Sattler, 1—D. A. Sterling, 1—Bessie Nichol, 1—Constance Badger, 1—Gottfrid Johnson, 1—Bessie Smith, 6—Fred Delavan, 7—H. Chapin, 1—Virginia Arter, 2—Doris Hackbusch, 7—George Edwin Tucker, 4—Amelia S. Ferguson, 6—"The De Longs," 6—Boyd Culver, 4—Lillian Jackson, 7—Christine Graham, 7—Lucy Ruggles, 7—Julia Peabody, 4—Katharine Dudley, 5.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the surname of a famous man.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Whole. 2. A hole. 3. A number. 4. To perform. 5. A child. 6. Sick. 7. A conjunction. GERTRUDE PALMER (League Member).

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

WHEN the following words have been doubly beheaded, the initials of the words before they are beheaded, and the initials of the words after they have been beheaded, will each spell something suggested by the present month.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Doubly behead regular order, and leave part of a plant. 2. Doubly behead inside, and leave slender. 3. Doubly behead coveted, and leave contended. 4. Doubly behead exultant, and leave the goddess of revenge. 5. Doubly behead a flower beloved by the Dutch, and leave part of the face. 6. Doubly behead to regard with care, and leave a masculine nickname. 7. Doubly behead to exalt, and leave grand. 8. Doubly behead to allure, and leave a district. 9. Doubly behead desolation, and leave a

preposition. 10. Doubly behead dogma, and leave a snare. 11. Doubly behead a vehicle used on snow, and leave margin.

HELEN SEELIGMAN (League Member).

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the words have been rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a famous general. All the words are formed from the letters composing the general's name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A number. 2. A carpenter's tool. 3. A kind of tree. 4. A pronoun. 5. A game of cards. 6. An insect. 7. A mass of unwrought metal. 8. A glossy fabric. 9. A weight. 10. A hostelry.

HELEN F. CARTER.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. Final. 2. A prefix meaning "before." 3. A luminous body. 4. Any limited time.

II. 1. A thread of metal. 2. An image worshipped. 3. To ramble. 4. Certain trees.

CRAIG RITCHIE SMITH (League Member).

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the initial letters, reading downward, will spell a well-known name; another row of letters, reading downward, will spell a familiar word.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Undulations. 2. Not asleep. 3. Foolish. 4. A cowardly animal. 5. Internal. 6. Short letters. 7. To crush into small fragments. 8. An instrument used for handling hot coals. 9. Yields submission to. 10. Cozy places.

MARY B. BLOES (League Member).

A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.

A	M	L	I	N	C	O	L	I	T	N
H	A	G	N	O	R	G	N	N	L	E
B	R	T	I	E	G	E	S	E	A	V
A	N	O	H	S	A	W	A	I	N	T

By beginning at a certain letter and following a path, using no letter twice, three familiar names may be spelled.

HELEN ANDERSEN (League Member).

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I'm composed of eighteen letters which in different groups will spell

A lot of different synonyms for things we all know well.

My 3-13 and 15 and my 2 and 4 and 9

Will spell a woeful 1-5-2-11-9 of mind.

My 14-15-1-2 and 18 make a word

Which frequently 12-13 talks on rhetoric is heard.

My 6 and 7-8 and 9 and 11 make a man

Who is useful to the very rich—now guess me if you can.

My 16-17-3-10-5 and 18 will combine

To form a little word which means delicate or fine.

My whole is decked with ice and snow,

But hearts are glowing down below.

HARVEY DESCHERE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals, reading downward, spell a famous American man-of-war, and my finals, reading upward, will spell its nickname.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. To acknowledge. 2. To note. 3. Miserly. 4. A prefix meaning "half." 5. Places of worship. 6. A useful metal. 7. A beginner in learning. 8. To reveal. 9. Limits. 10. Wilfully disregarded. 11. Pertaining to the eye. 12. A famous emperor.

JAMES BREWSTER (League Member).

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

WHEN the following words have been triply beheaded and triply curtailed, the initials of the remaining words will spell a holiday.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Triply behead and triply curtail intrusting, and leave a symbol. 2. Triply behead and curtail declaring against, and leave to try. 3. Triply behead and curtail general existence, and leave a valley. 4. Triply behead and curtail moaning with pain, and leave a common article. 5. Triply behead and curtail

fullness, and leave to allow. 6. Triply behead and curtail menacing, and leave consumed. 7. Triply behead and curtail a kind of coarse pottery, and leave recent. 8. Triply behead and curtail twisted out of shape, and leave a legal term for any civil wrong or injury. 9. Triply behead and curtail a male singing voice, and leave a pronoun. 10. Triply behead and curtail a large outer garment worn by Arabs, and leave a denial. 11. Triply behead and curtail capable of being venerated, and leave period. 12. Triply behead and curtail a first cousin, and leave a vocalist. 13. Triply behead and curtail the green rust of copper, and leave to delve. 14. Triply behead and curtail being in two parts (as a legal contract) and leave dexterity. 15. Triply behead and curtail deep gorges, and leave a letter of the alphabet.

VERA A. FUESLEIN (League Member).

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

1 3

 4 2

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To ponder. 2. Gloomy. 3. Generous. 4. Pertaining to a treaty. 5. A military officer. 6. To inspire. 7. Pours out.

From 1 to 2, a famous English general; from 3 to 4, a still more famous French general.

CATHARINE B. HOOPER (League Member).

NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

MY primals, reading downward, spell a poet's name; my finals, reading upward, spell the city and also the abbreviation of the state in which he was born.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Three miles. 2. A passage. 3. A sea nymph. 4. A piece of land devoted to fruits and flowers. 5. A fine flour or meal. 6. The substance covering the teeth. 7. To mourn. 8. Work. 9. Expenditure. 10. A battle-ship.

When the first and last letters of the foregoing words have been removed, the remaining letters of the first word may be rearranged so as to form a word meaning a chill. 2. To please. 3. One of the great lakes. 4. To venture. 5. To fall in drops. 6. Part of a horse. 7. Cognomen. 8. A long, fur tippet. 9. To pull with effort. 10. Filaments.

AGNES HOWE.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

. . 1 . .
 . 2 . .

 . . 3 . .
 . 4 . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A tree. 2. A country of Europe. 3. Courage. 4. Light-producing instruments. 5. The remains of coal or wood after combustion. 6. A plumed heron. 7. Egg-shaped. 8. Robbers of India. 9. Useful animals.

From 1 to 2, a large quadruped; from 3 to 4, a small quadruped.

DOUGLAS TODD.

49-50.



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MISS BAILLIE.

FROM A PASTEL BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY AFTER GAINSBOROUGH.